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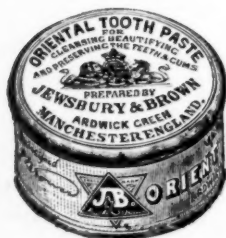
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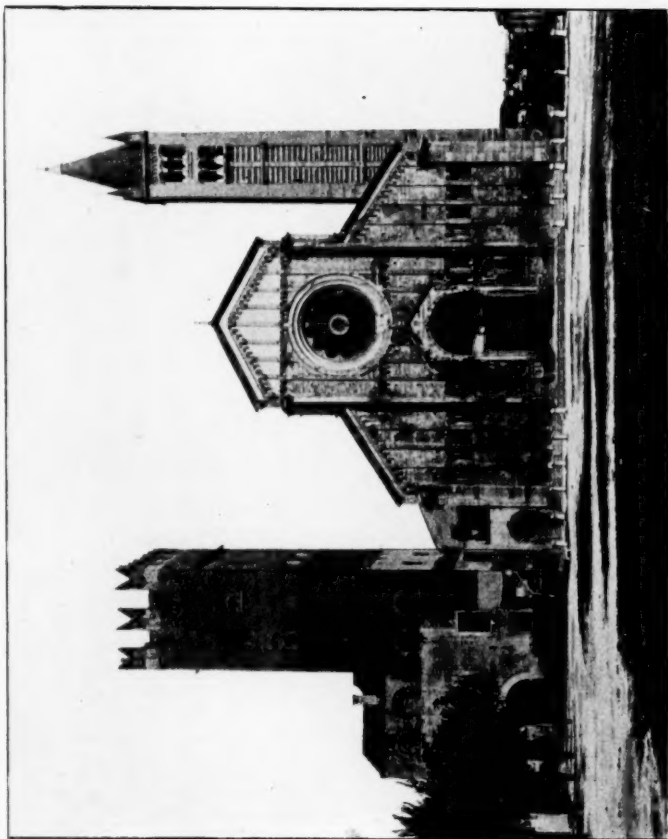
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WESTERN FACADE OF S. ZENO, VERONA.

From a Photograph.



DANTE AND THE SCALIGERS.

BY C. E. TYRER.

AS in bright, lovely days of the Italian spring of last year I paced the mediæval streets of beautiful Verona, my thoughts would often turn to an illustrious guest of the fair city on the Adige, who had paced those very streets near six hundred years ago. Of all the cities of Italy, none, save Florence—ungrateful Florence—Dante's birthplace and early home—the

. . . bello ovile, ov' io dormii agnello
Nimico ai lupi, che gli danno guerra*—

and Ravenna, where he died at the early age of fifty-six as the guest of the noble family of Polenta, are so closely associated with the name of the greatest of Italians as Verona. It is true that the city, as we see it now, bears in the main little resemblance to the city which Dante knew. The famous Arena, or Roman amphitheatre, then doubtless all overgrown with weeds and brushwood; the Roman bridge over the rushing Adige, only two of whose original arches remain, but which was then probably intact; one or two gateways of late Roman work; and a very few of the oldest churches and the oldest palaces, such as those whose venerable castellated forms still frown over the Piazza de' Signori, the erections of the earliest days of the mediæval city, were probably the main

* "Paradiso," xxv., 5-6.

features in the city as it presents itself to our eyes, which also met the eyes of Dante. Yet does his spirit seem still to linger in Verona as in none other of the great cities of Italy; and his personality, together with that of his host and friend, Can Grande della Scala, still casts a spell upon the cultured stranger who treads its streets as a living and a mighty personality.

The life of Dante falls into two natural divisions, the period from his birth in 1265 until 1302, while, in his own words, as above quoted, he still "slept a lamb" (though, perhaps, in strict truth, he was never very much of a lamb) in "the fair sheepfold" of Florence, a citizen, as he felt himself to be, of no mean city; and the long years of exile, from 1302 until his death in Ravenna in 1321. Florence, like so many more of the Italian republics of that period, was divided into two great hostile factions, headed by the great rival houses of Donati and Cerchi, the former championing the cause of the so-called Neri, the black or extreme Guelfs; the latter that of Bianchi, the white or moderate Guelfs: * for Florence had ever been a Guelf city—that is, it sympathised rather with the Pope than the Emperor in their mutual struggles for supremacy in Italy, and would, if need be, lend the former material assistance, looking in return for his favour and protection. Nevertheless, when Boniface VIII., whose aim was to make Tuscany a province of the Church, sent Charles of Valois, brother of Philip IV. of France† to Florence, in

* This strife of parties in Florence, which had such momentous results for Dante's after life, began, as such things often did in Italy, in a miserable family feud, imported in this case into Florence from Pistoja by the two hostile factions of the Pistojan family of Cancellieri, one of which called itself the White or Bianca faction, the other the Nera.

† Dante has consigned both Philip the Fair of France and his brother Charles to what appears to be well-merited infamy in his great poem. *Vide*, among other passages, the prophecy of Hugh Capet in "Purgatorio," xx., 43—96, where Philip is called the "mala pianta" and the "nuovo Pilato," and Charles of Valois is said to come unarmed, save with "la lancia con la qual giostrò Guida"—that is, treachery.

1301, with the ostensible object of making peace between the two rival parties, the Bianchi, among whom was Dante, then a prominent citizen, having shortly before risen to one of the highest offices of the State, resolutely opposed his offers. He, however, succeeded in entering the city, the Neri flocked to his standard, and took advantage of his presence and that of his soldiers to have their revenge upon their enemies of the Bianca faction. The houses of the Bianchi were burnt, their goods confiscated, and they themselves driven out of the city, a formal decree of banishment being pronounced against their leaders, including Dante, who, in the first sentence issued against him (January 27, 1302) was formally accused of "baratteria," or peculation of the public money, during his tenure of office. The leaders of the Bianchi party, it appears, did not wait for the formal sentence of exile to be launched against them; and thus Dante left his beloved Florence, the city of his birth, of the studies and delights of his youth, of Beatrice, dead, but ever-living in the poet's soul, where he had married and where his wife and little ones tarried behind—left Florence, never again to enter its gates:—

To Heaven and Hell thy feet may win,
But thine own house they come not in.

For us, living both materially and spiritually under conditions so utterly different to those of a Florentine of the early Trecento, it is difficult, or rather it is impossible, to realise Dante's feeling as a "fuoruscito," an outcast, or to understand how to one of Dante's generation, and still more to one of Dante's temperament, exile meant the loss of everything, or almost everything, which was desirable upon earth. A modern Italian might, perhaps, realise it to a certain degree, for the sentiment of local patriotism is still immensely strong in Italy, much stronger, I think,

than that of country, in the larger sense of the word. It may seem incredible to us, but it is, nevertheless, true, that Dante appears to have hoped for renown during his life from "the sacred poem, to which both heaven and earth have set their hands, so that it has made me lean for many years," mainly in order that that renown might vanquish the cruelty which kept the gates of Florence shut against him.* For though he looked forward to a heavenly city, "*la nostra città*," to which Beatrice led him upward from heaven to heaven, whose citizens, ranged rank above rank in the mystical White Rose, for ever contemplate the Beatific Vision, the "city not made with hands" does not seem in any way to have turned away his thoughts from that little earthly city which he loved and hated so madly. And the poem which he hoped, though in vain, might one day open for him again the gates of Florence, has carried his fame, his ever-growing fame, to all lands, and made him more than any other poet, save perhaps our own Shakespeare, a citizen of the whole world.

Modern students of the life of Dante generally contend that we know very little in the way of absolute ascertained fact about those long years of the poet's exile. "If the life of Dante in general," says Scartazzini,† "is an intricate skein, his life in exile is a skein in the highest degree intricate, both from the want of authentic documents, the doubtful character of the few which we possess, and the obscurity in which many events of that period still continue to be involved." If to a very few of the Latin letters attributed to Dante (whose authenticity has not yet been called in question even by the most sceptical, and which were mostly written at or about the time when Henry of

* "*Paradiso*," xxv., *sub init.*

† "*Prolegomeni della Divina Commedia*," Leipzig, 1890, p. 74.

Luxembourg's descent into Italy raised anew the hopes of the exile), to the signature to a document at Padua, and to another document testifying to a treaty of peace between the Marchesi Malaspina and the Bishop of Luni, which the poet was employed to negotiate—if to these we add the undoubted facts of his final residence in Ravenna, where he was joined by at least two of his children, of his death there in September 1321, on returning from an embassy to the Venetian Republic in the service of his patron Guido da Polenta, and of his burial with honours in the city where he died, we have, according to Scartazzini, almost all the data upon which we can absolutely rely, and all the facts which we know for certain. "From the descent of Henry VII." (in 1311), says again Scartazzini, "the traces of Dante are almost entirely lost in the obscurity of time, until towards the end of his life he appears again on the scene at Ravenna."* Undoubtedly we must, if unwillingly, accept on these points the verdict of those who have devoted to them long and arduous study, and admit that we cannot say that Dante was in such and such a place on such a day or even in such a year, or that he was at any given time occupied in such or such a way. Nevertheless, in his great poem he has told us very much, not only about his inner life during those years, but about his outer one also. We can trace his footsteps over a great part of Italy (if not indeed into regions beyond), where, as he tells us in the "*Convito*,"† "a pilgrim, almost a beggar, I have travelled, showing, against my will, the wounds of fortune, which are oftentimes unjustly imputed to the man who has suffered them." No poet, perhaps, has ever succeeded in giving such an impress of reality to his passages of description; and of such passages, which have almost the direct force of pictures, there are hundreds in

* "*Prolegomeni*," p. 139.

† "*Convito*," i., 3.

the "Divina Commedia." Whether it be allowable to go to the length of Mr. Schuyler,* and say that "Dante seldom mentioned a place, and never spoke of one in the way of description or comparison, unless he had himself seen it and it had left a strong impression upon his mind," there cannot be the least doubt that many of these passages are the reproductions in words of pictures of actual places and scenes drawn, once for all, by those keen, piercing eyes of his upon the chambers of the mind. When, speaking of the "bolgia" of boiling pitch in which the speculators of public money are immersed, he draws a comparison from the Venetian arsenal in winter, with the seamen using the boiling pitch to caulk their sea-rotted timbers†; or when, to render more distinct to the mind's eye the tombs of the heretics which people the circle immediately within the city of Dis, he compares that circle to the great cemeteries at Arles and at Pola,‡ who can doubt for a minute that his eyes had once been familiar with those latter scenes? In another class of passages he makes various spirits whom he accosts in the course of his mystical journey prophecy events which had already come to pass at the time he wrote the passages which relate to them,§ and of one of these, which has a most direct bearing on his life, I propose now to speak.

Dante's ancestor Cacciaguida, whom the poet meets among the blessed warrior-spirits in the Heaven of Mars, burning as lamps in the cross of light which makes that

* *Nation*, Vol. XLVII., p. 266.

† "*Inferno*," *xxi.*, 7 *et seq.*

‡ "*Inferno*," *ix.*, 112 *et seq.*

§ It is to be remembered that Dante makes his spirits, while ignorant of what is actually occurring in the world they have left, yet able to penetrate the secrets of the future; and also that all references to future events in the "*Commedia*," save when, as in the famous apostrophe in the 6th canto of the "*Purgatorio*," he is speaking in his own person as a poet, are to be considered as uttered in the spring of 1300, when he feigns himself to make his mysterious journey through the country of the dead.

planet resplendent, accedes to the wish of his great-great-grandson that he would supplement the more or less obscure hints of evil fortune which he had heard from various spirits in Hell and on the Mount of Purification,* by giving him a clearer forecast of his future life. And thus, after declaring that the divine prescience does not interfere with the freedom of the human will, he begins his prophecy:—

Qual si partì Ippolito d'Atene
 Per la spietata e perfida noverca,
 Tal di Fiorenza partir ti conviene.
 Questo sì vuole, questo già si cerca,
 E tosto verrà fatto, a chi ciò pensa
 Là dove Christo tutto dî si mercà.
 La colpa seguirà la parte offensa
 In grido, come suol: ma la vendetta
 Fia testimonio al ver che la dispensa.
 Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta
 Più caramente: e questo è quello strale
 Che l'arco dell'esilio pria saetta.
 Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
 Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle
 Lo scendere e il salir per l'altrui scale.

So far we learn, firstly, that Florence, behaving not like a mother but a harsh step-dame, will expel Dante; secondly, that already (that is, in 1300) his discomfiture and exile are being devised by Boniface VIII. and the Roman Curia; thirdly, that popular clamour will assign the blame to the injured party, but that subsequent vengeance will bear testimony to the truth; fourthly, that the first pang of exile will be the leaving behind of all that is dearest to him (his wife, family and friends); fifthly, that one of the bitterest experiences of exile will be his poverty and consequent dependence upon others. In the three following "terzine" Cacciaguida proceeds to speak of what will be of all things

* "Inferno," x., 79 *et seq.*; "Inferno," xv., 61 *et seq.*; "Purgatorio," viii., 133 *et seq.*; "Purgatorio," x., 140 *et seq.*

the heaviest burden on Dante's shoulders, namely, "la compagnia malvagia e scempia (the perverse and foolish company)" among which he will necessarily be thrown; and here we have an undoubted reference to Dante's continuance for some period with the rest of the Florentine "fuorusciti," who, allying themselves with the Ghibellines of certain towns of Tuscany, and perhaps also of the Romagna, made several futile attempts against the city which had expelled them. But so disgusted will Dante presently become with the bestial ingratitude and folly of his fellow-exiles, that he will leave them and form a party by himself:—

. . . sì ch' a te fia bello
Averti fatto parte per te stesso.*

At this point there seems to be something of a break in the prophetic utterances of Cacciaguida, for he proceeds rather abruptly to speak of Dante's reception by the Scaligers of Verona, and to enlarge upon their splendour and generosity, in words which have given rise to a variety of interpretations, and which still engage the attention of commentators:—

Lo primo tuo rifugio e il primo ostello
Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo,
Che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello:
Che avrà in te sì benigno riguardo,
Che del fare e del chieder, tra voi due,
Fia prima quel che tra gli altri è più tardo.
Con lui vedrai colui che impresso fue,
Nascendo, sì da questa stella forte,
Che notabil fien le opere sua.
Non se ne son ancor le genti accorte,
Per la novella età; chè pur nove anni
Son queste ruote intorno di lui torte.

* Lowell, in his admirable essay on Dante ("Among my Books," Second Series, Boston, 1876, p. 53) says, in regard to this passage:—"Here both context and grammatical construction (infallible guides in a writer so scrupulous and exact) imply irresistibly that Dante had become a party by himself before his exile," and that he is here expressing his gratification for his honest and patriotic conduct during his tenure of office as one of the Priori, when the heads of both factions were banished without distinction, and he thus made himself an enemy of both. This view of Cacciaguida's words is ingenious, but probably incorrect.

Ma pria che il Guasco l'alto Arrigo inganni,
 Parran faville della sua virtute
 In non curar d'argento, nè d'affanni.
 Le sue magnificenze conosciute
 Saranno ancora sì, che i suoi nimici
 Non ne potran tener le lingue mute.
 A lui t' aspetta ed a' suoi benefici ;
 Per lui fia trasmutata molta gente,
 Cambiando condizion ricchi e mendici.
 E porteràne scritto nella mente
 Di lui, ma nol dirai — ; e disse cose
 Incredibili a quei che fia presente.*

It should be pointed out, by the way, that we have here an excellent example of that condensation and pregnancy of meaning which is one of the most striking features of this great poet, and one of the main causes of his frequent obscurity. Very much indeed is said in these eight "terzine," and much hinted at as well ; but though the matter which has been written upon them from the time of the earliest commentators until our own would probably fill many stout volumes, much still remains uncertain in their interpretation, and in what I shall have to say I cannot hope to add anything absolutely new to what has already been brought forward, but only to put the controverted points in as clear a light as possible. But, before doing this, I must say a few preliminary words as to the history of the great family in question, before and during the time when it becomes involved with that of Dante.

As the power of the Empire declined to the south of the Alps, and the sentiment of corporate existence was gradually developed in the industrious towns of the north and centre of Italy, these began to assert their independence against the feudal lords who robbed them in the name of the Emperor, and to develop into commonwealths. The latter, to protect themselves alike from external enemies and

* "Paradiso," xvii., 46-93.

from the feuds of rival houses which were apt to endanger their peace within, often chose some leading and trusted citizen as their chief and protector under the title of "Capitano del Popolo." Ultimately, although, as in ancient Rome in the first days of the Empire, the Republican forms still survived, these "Capitani" generally managed to acquire a power which was practically supreme, and to hand it down, in hereditary fashion, to their descendants; and this is the origin of those "Signorie," or lordships, which play so large a part in the Italian history of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance, and which have many points of resemblance with the Greek despotisms. Even as the tyrants of old Greece made themselves popular by the splendour with which they surrounded themselves, by the noble architecture which sprang up at their bidding, and by their liberal patronage of literature and the arts, so too did many of the Signori of the Italian cities, and none perhaps more so than some of the members of the della Scala family, Lords of Verona from about 1260 to 1375.

The Scaligers (a name chiefly familiar perhaps to cultivated Englishmen, as having been assumed by two famous Renaissance scholars who claimed descent from the Lords of Verona) were so called from having borne a ladder (scala) as a heraldic device on their shield, though whether the device of the ladder was the origin of the name by which the family came to be known, or was afterwards adopted from its consonance with the family name, does not appear to be known; all that seems to be ascertained being that the family was of humble origin, and only rose to eminence from its natural abilities. Mastino, the first of the Lords of Verona, who attained practical sovereignty in 1260, and seems to have ruled well and wisely, was murdered in 1277 by a lady's relatives in revenge for what

they held to be his supineness in regard to her violation by a young profligate, at the spot near the Piazza dell' Erbe still known as the Volto Barbaro. His successor, Alberto, appears also to have been a just and capable ruler, and after his death in 1301 he was followed in the Signory by his three sons—Bartolommeo, Alboino, and Cane. The only serious blot on Alberto's good fame which history records is the fact that an illegitimate son, Giuseppe, a cripple and a loose-liver, was, by the influence his father brought to bear upon the Benedictine monks of S. Zeno, made abbot of that famous monastery—an exercise of arbitrary power to an evil end which brought down upon him the castigation of Dante ("Purg.," xviii., 121 *et seq.*)* Bartolommeo, Alberto's eldest son, only held the lordship for three years, dying in 1304. Alboino followed, but being weak and irresolute, he soon found it necessary to offer a share in the government to his brother Cane, and it is even asserted that he gave him at once the control of the army, though it is certain that in 1304 Cane was not much more than thirteen years of age. In 1311, soon after the joint rulers of Verona had been appointed Vicars Imperial of the city by Henry VII. of Luxembourg upon his descent into Italy, Alboino died, and with the accession of Cane to single, undisputed power begins the most glorious epoch of the history of the Scaligers as Lords of Verona, an epoch rendered still more glorious by the Scaliger's connection with Dante and by the words of praise in which the poet has immortalised that remarkable man. Very curious as regards this house are the names by which many of its members were christened, or at least came to be known—Mastino and Cane, mastiff and dog. In the case of the

* Of the two sarcophagi in the cloister of S. Zeno which bear as a device the ladder of the Scaligers, the one without an inscription may very possibly be the tomb of this Abbot Giuseppe.

first Mastino it has been conjectured that the name was an accidental or intentional corruption of Martino, and this may have given a cue to his descendants. Ampère, in his "*Voyage Dantesque*,"* remarks on the singular phenomenon that we should find such refined hospitality among princes who called themselves Mastiff the First, Mastiff the Second, the Great Dog, and adds: "Those Mastiffs of Verona, like the Bad-heads (Malatesta)† of Rimini, brought to admirable perfection the rôle which has yielded a too exclusive honour to the Medicis."

The question of the arms of the Scaligers, which is directly involved in Dante's reference to "*il gran Lombardo, che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello*" (the "*santo uccello*" being of course the eagle, called sacred as being the symbol of the empire), apart from their general device, the ladder, which always appears on the shield, is a very difficult one; and I have tried in vain to get any clear and sufficient light upon it. The probability is, however, that the eagle was only adopted as a crest by certain members of the family, and so adopted even before Alboino and Cane were made Vicars Imperial; while the winged eagle upon the helmet was in course of time gradually replaced by the winged dog, in pursuance of the singular taste which caused so many of the family to be christened, or to have subsequently dubbed themselves, by canine appellatives. Cipolla, in his "*Antiche Cronache Veronesi*,"‡

* "*La Grèce, Rome, et Dante*," Paris, 1850, p. 291.

† It is rather singular that Dante (who never uses the words "*Cane*," or "*Mastino*," in speaking of the Scaligers, the nearest approach to it being in the prophecy of the "*Veltro*" [greyhound] in "*Inferno*," l., 101, supposing that to relate to *Can Grande*), should apply the epithet "*Mastino*" to two members of this house of Malatesta for their cruelty and rapacity, in lines which are a fine example of his admirably terse and trenchant manner ("*Inferno*" xxvii., 46):—

E l'Mastin vecchio e'l nuovo da Verrucchio,

Là, dove soglion, fan de' denti succhio.

‡ Venezia, 1890, pp. 95—96.

quotes on this point a celebrated ballad of Gidino da Sommacampagna—

Viva lo suo Mastino
Che come uciel divino
La ricopre con l'ala

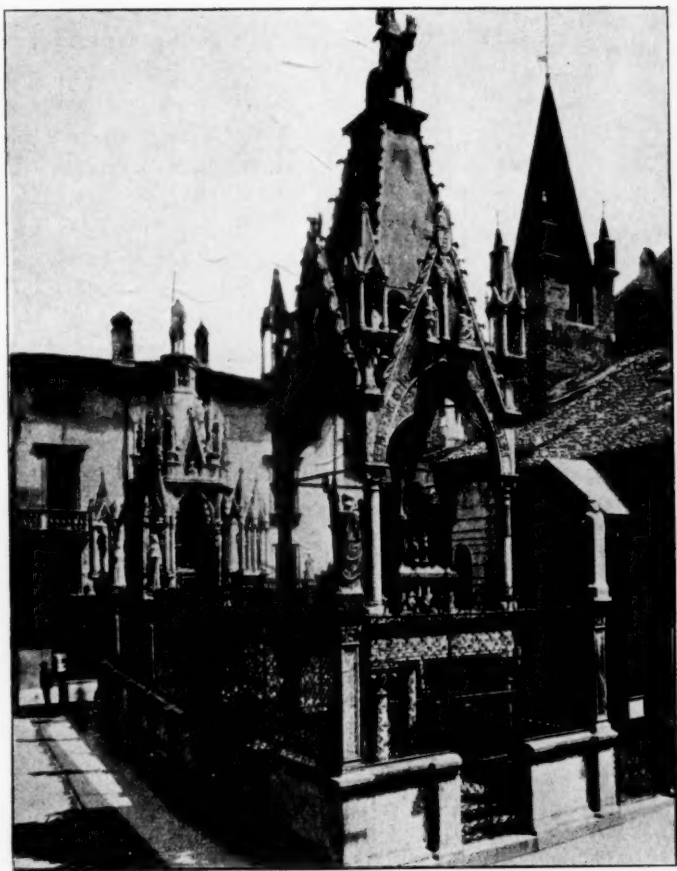
(here "suo" and "la" both refer to Scala)—adding that the similarity between Dante's "santo uccello" and "l'uciel divino" of Gidino cannot be accidental, and may perhaps point to the gradual substitution, then in progress, of the winged dog for the eagle. Cipolla goes on to say that the custom of denominating the Scaligers by Cane (dog), in reference to the names so frequent among those princes of Cane and Mastino, was already becoming general about the middle of the fourteenth century, as we see from the "Dittamondo" of Fazio degli Uberti.

We may now proceed to the consideration of Dante's lines, the present question being mainly as to the identity of the "great Lombard, who above the Ladder bears the holy bird." Four princes of the house have been named by different commentators—Alberto, and his three sons, Bartolommeo, Alboino, and Cane. The first name and the last may, however, be briefly dismissed. Though Boccaccio (our earliest authority on the life of Dante, but manifestly a very slipshod chronicler) declares expressly in his "Vita di Dante" that the poet, on leaving Florence, took refuge at once with Alberto della Scala, that statement is absolutely controverted by the fact, proved by authentic records, that Alberto died before the edict of exile was proclaimed against Dante, and probably even before Charles of Valois entered the city (All Saints' Eve, 1301). The theory that the "Gran Lombardo" is Can Grande, though maintained by such an excellent critic as Fraticelli, is also absolutely negatived by several considerations: by the words "con lui" (with him) in the next "terzina" but one, where Cacciaguida certainly goes on to speak of Can

Grande, by the late date at which he began to rule, which makes it impossible for Dante to have found with him his "first refuge and first inn," and also by the fact that the eagle (the symbol of the Empire) nowhere appears upon the elaborate monument to Can Grande above the door of S. Maria Antica in Verona, though the dog is very much in evidence.* The "Gran Lombardo" *must*, then, be either Bartolommeo or Alboino.

The tombs of the Scaligers (certainly among the most impressive sepulchral monuments to be found in Europe) occupy the small graveyard of the old Lombardie Church of S. Maria Antica, once the chapel of the Scaligers, and closely adjoining their old palazzi in the Piazza de' Signori. Within the curious and elaborate iron railings, which separate them from the street and the entrance to the church—railings in which the constantly recurring ladder (scala) forms an important feature—there are altogether, so far as I recollect, eight sarcophagi, seven of these covering, in all probability, the remains of the Lords of Verona; and if to these seven we add the monument of Can Grande above the church door, we have enshrined within this narrow space the dust of all the ruling members of this illustrious family. The huge Gothic monuments of two of these Scalas—showing a raised sarcophagus within a

* This argument may not seem very conclusive in itself, and is rather scoffed at by Scartazzini ("Commento Lipsiese," III., 468), who declares that seals and all arguments drawn from blazonry prove nothing to the present point; though his purpose is merely to emphasise the conclusion arrived at from Dante's words, that in 1300 (the year of the supposed vision) the eagle *must* have appeared above the ladder in the family arms, unless we suppose an error on Dante's part. Dr. H. Spangenberg, who devotes an excursus in the second part of his "Can Grande I. della Scala" (in Jastrow's "Historische Untersuchungen" Berlin, 1895), to the consideration of this passage in Dante, says that we possess no coins or seals of Can Grande; but he quotes a description of the latter's seal from the authentication of a document, whence it appears that "within a wreath is displayed the figure of a dog, holding in the right paw a small shield displaying a ladder," thus corresponding with the dogs who carry the sarcophagus. Spangenberg concludes, from the total absence of the eagle on this monument that "Can Grande cannot be intended by the Gran Lombardo."



TOMBS OF THE SCALIGERS, VERONA.

From a Photograph.

pointed canopy, surmounted by an equestrian statue—the magnificent monuments of the second Mastino and of Cansignorio, contrast with the plain, nameless marble sarcophagi of the others, most of which bear the ladder sculptured, as well as other devices, but no indication as to the identity of their tenants. Not far from the church wall are two which in all probability cover the murdered Mastino I. and Alberto; and on the side of the street, between the elaborate monuments already mentioned, are three more, which tradition assigns to Bartolommeo and Alboino, sons of Alberto, and to the second Can Grande, murdered (a common incident enough in those days) by his brother Cansignorio, in whom the dominion of the Scaligers over Verona came practically to an end. On at least four of these five nameless sarcophagi appears the ladder as the symbol of the family, and in several also the eagle; but in only one instance, the midmost of the three on the side adjoining the street, does the eagle appear seated upon the highest rung of the ladder, as we have it in Dante's lines on the arms of the "gran Lombardo." Unfortunately we have, so far as I know, no evidence as to the tenant of this sarcophagus beyond tradition, but a general tradition assigns this particular tomb to Alboino. Going one day to visit these tombs, with Dante's words running in my head, I thought I had made an important discovery when I found the device upon this particular sarcophagus; and, indeed, Dr. Spangenberg, in his "*Can-grande I. della Scala*" (Berlin, 1892—1895), which I found in the Communal Library of Verona, claims to have been the first to draw attention to it in its bearing on the question when the eagle, the symbol of the Empire, came to be borne by this family on their arms in addition to the ladder. Several other writers have, however, mentioned the device on this tomb, which some of them conjecture

to be that of Bartolommeo. It would be pleasant to believe that Bartolommeo is intended by the "gran Lombardo," and that Dante found his first refuge at his court, for a reason which I must now mention.

It is disputed among scholars whether the story on which Shakespeare founded the plot of the tenderest of his tragedies, "Romeo and Juliet," is based upon events which actually occurred at Verona; but if we believe in the historical truth of those events, there can be little doubt that they occurred when Bartolommeo della Scala was Lord of Verona, and thus possibly when Dante was actually a guest at his court. The chief authority on the affirmative side is the Veronese historian Girolamo della Corte, who, in his "*Istoria di Verona*" (Verona, 1594-6, Vol. I., p. 589), narrates, under the date 1303, and as the chief event of that year—narrates, too, with much circumstantiality and with an apparent confidence in the truth of his narration—the story of the two lovers almost exactly as it was afterwards adopted by Shakespeare. Thus, "Escalus, Prince of Verona," who, at the close of the play, upbraids the chiefs of the two rival houses with the result of their enmity—

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love—

would be none other than Bartolommeo della Scala, the generally accepted host of Dante. It should be said, moreover, that della Corte professed to have seen the monument containing the bodies of the two lovers, and gives an exact account of its position. Dr. F. Scolari,* a distinguished Italian scholar and student of Dante, who, in opposition to the sceptical Germans, stoutly maintained the genuine-

* "Su la pietosa morte di Giulia Cappelletti e Romeo Montecchi." Livorno, 1831.

ness of the actual facts on which the tragedy is based, calls attention to the passage in Dante's "Purgatorio" (vi., 106), where the poet, in his eloquent apostrophe on the miseries of Italy in the absence of its rightful protector, Albert of Austria, exclaims in the course of his indignant diatribe against that Emperor for his neglect—

O Alberto Tedesco !

Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti,

as though he should have said: "Come and see what terrible results have followed in this particular case from the rivalry of these two houses; see the grave of these two lovers, whose death that rivalry has caused." Unfortunately, however, it is not even certain that Dante is thinking at all of the enmity between those two houses, who were almost certainly both of Verona, or that this line affords in itself any ground for believing in that enmity. He may refer to them merely as great Ghibelline houses who had both suffered from the laxness of the imperial rule in Italy. Scolari also relies much on the general trustworthiness of della Corte, as vouched for by Maffei and others, and on the perfect possibility of the events he relates, if we consider the customs of the age and the general social conditions which then prevailed in the great Italian cities. It is to be said, however, that della Corte is generally in slight esteem as a reliable historian, that no mention of the story is made by contemporary or shortly subsequent Veronese chroniclers, and that according to some authorities* della Corte took his matter from the novels of Luigi da Porto and Bandello, who are but a little previous to himself in order of time. It should be added that the so-called tomb of Juliet is

* Vide Ulrich, "Romeo und Julia," Halle, 1853.

still to be seen in Verona, in a little chapel outside the walls belonging to a suppressed Franciscan monastery,* and that the old palace of the Capulets, with their device, the "Cappello," or hat, over one of the portals, is marked by an inscription to that effect.

In spite, however, of the general verdict of the commentators in favour of Bartolommeo, and in spite, moreover, of these sentimental considerations (for it would be delightful to an Englishman who loves Italy to believe not only in the historical verity of the story which inspired Shakespeare, but also that Dante was a possible witness to that most pathetic of tragedies), it seems that there is much to be said in favour of Alboino as the "gran Lombardo" mentioned by Dante. A good deal depends on how long we may reasonably conclude Dante to have remained with the rest of the "fuorusciti," from the time he left Florence with them in the beginning of 1302 or the last days of 1301, until he finally deserted them, and, as he says ("Paradiso," xvii., 69), made himself absolutely independent; and this is a matter on which the greatest differences of opinion exist.† I have been much impressed by Mr. C. S. Latham's‡ analysis of the letter addressed by the Council of the Bianchi to Cardinal da Prato, which, if actually written by Dante,

* Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, in his "Discursive Notes on Romeo and Juliet" (London, 1880, p. 11, *et seq.*), quotes from Breval's "Remarks on Several Parts of Europe," 1796 (Vol. II., p. 103), a description of two stone coffins found in Verona, said to contain the remains of Juliet and those of Romeo.

† Scartazzini ("Prolegomeni," p. 84), says that "all we know for certain is that this separation took place between June, 1302, and August, 1306."

‡ "A Translation of Dante's Eleven Letters, with Explanatory Notes, etc." By C. S. Latham, with a Preface by C. E. Norton. Boston and New York: 1891. Mr. Latham attaches much weight to the internal evidence supplied by the letter, pointing out, as truly Dantesque, the use of the metaphor of the arrow unloosed from the bow. I find, by the way, that the writer of "A Wanderer," who uses the *nom de plume* H. Ogram Matuce (London, 1888), declares (p. 128) that "of all the similes which Dante uses, I found that of the arrow's flight towards its mark was the commonest."

excludes the supposition that he can have found his first refuge with Bartolommeo; for the Cardinal's mission to the "fuorusciti" at Arezzo, to which the letter is a reply, was certainly subsequent to March, 1304, the date of Bartolommeo's death, and consequently Dante could not before that date have left his fellow-exiles and formed a "parte per sè stesso," as he tells us by the mouth of Cacciaguida he did before seeking hospitality with the Scalas. That Dante was still with the exiles in 1304, and had not yet abandoned the thought of returning to Florence with his party, appears also from Farinata's prophecy ("Inferno," x., 79). "Hence," concludes Mr. Latham, "'il gran Lombardo' must be Alboino; and a strict and literal interpretation of the lines of the prophecy would make Dante go to Verona immediately upon his separation from the exiles, and there remain some time (for I can understand 'rifugio' and 'ostello' in no other way); probably between the summer of 1304 and August 27, 1306, when documents show him to have been at Padua." Of course, I cannot take upon myself to decide so weighty a point, if indeed it be capable of decision, but I cannot help thinking that much is to be said for this view,* and that it is not necessary, as some have thought, to argue from Dante's words that he sought refuge with the Scaligers after so short an alliance with the exiled party. Nor does the passage in the "Convito" (iv., 16), in which Dante certainly speaks of Alboino with some measure of depreciation, seem—as Scartazzini asserts—to "absolutely preclude this interpretation," especially when we consider that we are very much in the dark as to when the "Convito" was

* The words "con lui" ("Paradiso," xvii., 76,) seem also to make for this opinion; for Can Grande, as having been admitted by Alboino to a share in a government, would obviously be described with greater propriety as present "with him" (Alboino) than with Bartolommeo, who kept the lordship to himself.

written, the prose portions in particular,* and that if—as Mr. Latham suggests—Dante was engaged upon them, or at least upon this “*Trattato Quarto*,” soon after his sojourn with Alboino, he may very likely have been so much struck by the latter’s acknowledged weakness of character as to compare him unfavourably with others; whereas when he wrote the 17th canto of the “*Paradiso*,” he was keenly sensible of fresh and great obligations to the Scaligers, the benefits he had received from the then dead Alboino would be present to him rather than the defects of his character, and this praise of Alboino’s generosity may have been intended as a sort of palinode. The objection that Dante would not have applied the epithet “*grande*” to a weak ruler like Alboino may also be dismissed with the obvious criticism that the epithet is probably used to indicate the greatness of his position, not the greatness of his character. If to these considerations we add that which is afforded by the exact agreement of the heraldic devices on the sarcophagus assigned by tradition to Alboino† with those mentioned by Dante, we shall perhaps have fair grounds for the belief that Alboino, and not Bartolommeo, is the “*gran Lombardo*” of the 71st line of the 17th canto of the “*Paradiso*.”

It should be added that it is to this first sojourn of Dante at Verona that we, in all probability, must attribute that remarkable knowledge of spots in the vicinity and in the whole adjoining territory—the bournes, we may imagine, of excursions and wanderings to which he was urged by the restless curiosity of his nature—which

* See Note at the end of this essay.

† Dr. H. C. Barlow (in his “*Contributions to the Study of the Divina Commedia*,” London, 1864), while stating that “it is on the tomb of Alboino, at Verona, that we see ‘in sulla Scala il santo uccello,’” holds, nevertheless, singularly enough, that in 1303, Dante was an honoured guest in Verona, at the Court of Bartolommeo della Scala, “*il gran Lombardo*.” Still it is possible that this view may be the correct one. See also Howells, “*Italian Journeys*,” Vol. II., p. 128.

appears in the "Inferno,"* particularly in the earlier portions. It has even been suggested by Ampère† and others that the Veronese Amphitheatre might well have furnished Dante with the type of his Hell.

It is, however, to Dante's later appearance in Verona that the greatest general interest attaches; and most of the gossiping stories of his Veronese life seem to refer to his experiences at that court,

Where Verona's knee did bow,
And her voice hailed with all acclaim
Can Grande della Scala's name.

Of the noble hospitality which the Scaliger extended to the exiles of the Ghibelline party, as well as to men of all parties distinguished by their valour, their intellect, or their eminence in literature and the arts, there can be no question, for it is acknowledged by all. At the age of only twenty‡ he had succeeded to the absolute lordship of Verona, and, though a great portion of his life from that date (1311) until his death in 1329 was taken up with those warlike exploits by which he became ultimately master of the entire Mark of Treviso, he nevertheless by no means neglected the arts (he was, perhaps, even a poet himself), and not only gave festivities on a scale of almost

* Cf., among other passages "Inferno," xlii., 4, *et seq.*, "Inferno," xv., 122, and the description of the Lake of Garda and of the site of Mantua in the 20th canto. G. Belviglieri ("Dante a Verona," in "Albo Dantesco Veronese," Milano, 1865), who has some interesting pages on this subject, suggests that the "luogo nel mezzo" of the Lake of Garda ("Inferno," xx., 67) is not, as most commentators assume, a spot on the lake shore, but "the islet near the Point of Manerba, whose summit was once crowned by a chapel dedicated to St. Margaret."

† "Voyage Dantesque," in "La Grèce, Rome, et Dante," Paris, 1850. This is, however, quite fanciful. It is much more probable that the Arena of Verona supplied Dante with suggestions for the amphitheatrical arrangement of seats in the mystical White Rose of the "Paradiso" (Par. xxx., *et seq.*), where the resemblance is noted by Cesari.

‡ The birth of Cane is now proved to have taken place in 1291 (Cf. "Chronica Illorum de la Scala," in Cipolla's "Antiche Cronache Veronesi,"); consequently he was, as stated in the "Divine Comedy" (Par. xvii., 80), only nine years old at the time of Cacciaguida's supposed prophecy.

unequalled magnificence, but entertained right royally at his Court a vast number of distinguished men. A historian of Reggio, Sagacius Mucius Gazata, one of the exiles received by Can Grande, thus describes Cane's hospitality* :—" Various apartments, according to their different conditions, were allotted to them in the palace of the Lord of the Scala; each had his own attendants, and had his meals served elegantly in his private rooms. These various apartments were marked by symbols and devices—Triumph for the warriors, Hope for the exiles, the Muses for the poets, Mercury for the artists, Paradise for the priests. Musicians, jesters, and jugglers entertained them during meals; the halls were decorated with pictures which recalled the vicissitudes of fortune; and Cane sometimes invited to his own table certain of his guests, especially Guido da Castello di Reggio, who, from his sincerity, was named the 'Simple Lombard' (*Cf.* 'Purgatorio,' xvi., 126), and the poet Dante Alighieri." Among other illustrious guests at the court of the Scaliger, we find the names of Giotto, the painter, and Ugucione della Faggiuola, the famous Ghibelline chief, to whom Dante dedicated his "*Inferno*;" though Sismondi ("*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*," Bruxelles, 1838, Vol. II., p. 502) is almost certainly in error in stating that it was at this court that Dante acquired his friendship, it being scarcely doubtful that the poet had resided at Lucca when the Ghibelline held the Signory of that city and of Pisa. A most remarkable testimony to Dante's appreciation of Cane is afforded by the epistle†

* I translate from the French translation of this passage in Sismondi's "*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*," Bruxelles: 1838. Vol. II., p. 502. Sismondi took the fragment in question from Muratori's "*Scrip. Ital.*," Vol. XVIII.

† It is impossible here to enter upon the question of the genuineness of this famous letter. I prefer to assume that genuineness on the weighty judgment of Witte and Fraticelli, than to doubt it with Scartazzini, though it is impossible to deny that there is

addressed "*Magnifico atque victorioso domino, domino Kani grandi de la Scala, sacratissimi cæsarei principatus in urbe Verona et civitate Vicentia vicario generali,*" by "*devotissimus suus Dantes Aligherius, florentinus natione non moribus*":—a letter penned by Dante, in all probability, while he was still under the Scaliger's roof. Dante begins by saying that, having heard reports of the Scaliger's magnificence which he fancied must go beyond the truth, he determined to verify the facts for himself. "As the Queen of the East sought Jerusalem, as Pallas sought Helicon, so did I seek Verona, to examine with faithful eyes what I had heard. There I witnessed your magnificence; I witnessed your bounties likewise, and shared them: and even as I had previously suspected that fame had magnified the facts, so afterwards did I recognise that those facts even exceeded the fame of them." He goes on to speak of himself as having, at first sight, cherished for the Scaliger feelings of deep devotion and of friendship, proceeding then to justify his use of the word "*amicus*" in view of the enormous disparity of position between them: and, in a following paragraph, debates what he can do to preserve that friendship, "as a treasure of great price," by contributing something on his own part which might effect a sort of balance between them. "So often and long I examined such little things as I had (*munuscula mea*), estimating them separately, and considering which would be the worthiest and most welcome gift. Nor did I find aught more suitable to your pre-eminence than that sublime cantica of the Comedy which is adorned by the title of 'Paradise,' and that, with the present epistle of dedication,

a certain weight in some of the objections raised by the latter. Cf. among other authorities, Carl Witte: "*Dantis Aligherii Epistolæ, cum notis C. W.*" Patavii: 1827, p. 78. Fraticelli: "*Il Convito di Dante Alighieri e le Epistole.*" Firenze: 1893, p. 504. Scartazzini: "*Prolegomeni,*" Leipzig: 1890, p. 398 *et seq.*

I inscribe to you, I offer to you, finally I recommend to you." Then follows a long and elaborate disquisition, by way of introduction to the work offered, not, as might have been expected, on the entire cantica, but only on the prologue in the first canto (Par. i., 1—36), again divided into the exordium proper and the invocation, an exposition full of the super-subtleties of the prevailing scholastic philosophy, and where, among other things, the various intended interpretations underlying the literal meaning of the poem are dwelt upon. At the close, Dante again commends himself to the favour of the Lord of Verona, speaking of the "*rei familiaris angustia*," as preventing him from completing this and other undertakings of public utility; and after a brief reference to the rest of the cantica, the "*pars executiva*," and to that final and eternal beatitude in which the poem has its end, he concludes this treatise likewise "*in ipso Deo, qui est benedictus in sæcula sæculorum*." Judging from the entire character of this letter, it seems probable, as Fraticelli suggests, that, although Dante appears herein to dedicate to the Scaliger the whole of the "*Paradiso*," he had actually composed at the time only that small portion of which the greater part of this letter is an analysis, namely, the first canto or the earlier portion of it. With this we may connect, attaching to it whatever importance we please, the statement of Boccaccio ("*Vita di Dante*") that the poet was in the habit, after writing six or eight cantos of the "*Paradiso*," of sending them to "*Messer Cane della Scala*, whom beyond any other he held in reverence," and only after they had been seen by him allowed others to have copies of them. Boccaccio also relates that at Dante's death no one knew anything about the last thirteen cantos, and it was feared that he had died without completing his poem; but at length, by the aid of a vision in which Dante appeared to

his son Jacopo, they were happily recovered, and sent, after the author's custom, to Cane, before being added to the imperfect work.

On the other hand, we have various stories, most of them used by D. G. Rossetti in his powerful poem, "Dante at Verona," which might seem to imply an unworthy or even contemptuous treatment of the poet by the mighty Scaliger. One of the most striking has been handed down by Petrarch in his "*Libri Rerum Memorandarum*"* (a sort of common-place book, chiefly made up of anecdotes of distinguished men, ancient and modern), where Petrarch, however, in relating it, does not omit to refer to the known hospitality of the Scaliger, "then a general solace and refuge of the distressed." One day at Cane's table—so runs the story—a number of strolling players and low mountebanks were giving an entertainment, after the custom of those times, and one of them in particular held the attention and favour of the guests by his lewd words and gestures. Cane, suspecting that Dante was annoyed, had this lewd fellow brought before him, and after loading him with praise, turned towards Dante, saying, "I marvel what may be the cause why a silly fellow like this manages to please everybody and is loved by all, while you, who are reputed a wise man, fail to do so." "Yes," retorted Dante, "but you would cease to marvel if you recognised the fact that in friendship like seeks its like." Another story runs, that once, when the poet was at the Scaliger's board, a lad hidden under the tables gathered in a heap at Dante's feet all the bones thrown away in the course of the banquet—a circumstance, by the way, which throws a

* "*Petrarchæ Opera*," Basilee, 1554, p. 480. The remarks on Dante's character, with which Petrarch prefaces this story, would lead us to conclude that he did not entertain quite such an exalted opinion of his illustrious fellow citizen as might have been expected of him.

curious light on the table manners of those times. When the boy had gone and the tables were removed, Messer Cane, affecting to be surprised at the sight of so many bones at that particular spot, turned to the other guests and said, "There is no question but Messer Dante is a great devourer of meat." Dante's repartee cannot, unfortunately, be well rendered in English, "Sir, if I were the dog (Cane) you would not see so many bones."

It will not do, however, I think, to make too much of these and like stories, which, even if true, only point to such occasional outbursts of low jocularly as in those days a great lord, flushed with wine, would be certain to indulge in to the dependents who sat at his board. We can easily imagine for ourselves that the position of "a high, austere Dante," "a whole world's poet strayed to court," at the court of a great Italian lord like Cane, cannot have been without its difficulties and annoyances, and that the coarseness and insolence of the courtiers may often have vexed his soul to bitterness; but there is no ground for supposing, with D. G. Rossetti, that the words in Cacciaguida's prophecy about the salt bread and the weary stairs have any special reference at all to the poet's experiences at Verona, or that he regarded the Scaliger with other than gratitude for the princely liberality he had shown towards him.

But Dante, no respecter of persons, as the "*Commedia*" proves to demonstration, had other than private and personal reasons for his exalted estimate of the Scaliger. Cane, the great champion of the Ghibelline cause in the north of Italy; Vicar Imperial in the cities he ruled or had conquered by the direct creation of the Emperor; he who—so the story ran—was present at the deathbed of Henry at Buonconvento in 1313, and had the Empire committed to his protection by the dying Emperor himself;

he whose exploits in arms filled all men's mouths, so that there seemed hardly a limit to the possibilities of his ultimate dominion—to whom but Cane should Dante look, after the untimely death of Henry and the shattering of the hopes which had been founded upon him, to righten the wrongs of Italy and to take ultimately that place in Italian affairs which was vacant by the supineness of its legitimate holder? It is impossible to discuss here at any length the question of the prophecies in Dante's great poem which appear to have reference to Can Grande. It may be said, however, that modern students of Dante incline to the opinion that the "Veltro" (greyhound) of "*Inferno*," i., 101,* who "will be the salvation of that humble Italy," and drive the wolf of Avarice back into her native hell, and the Dux (duke or leader) of "*Purgatorio*," xxxiii., 43,† "the messenger of God," who "will kill the harlot and that giant who commits sin with her"—the reference being to the transfer of the Papal Court to Avignon through the criminal subservience of Pope Clement to Philip the Fair—both refer prophetically to Can Grande and to the hopes the poet founded upon him. And the last words of Cacciaguida's prophecy which Dante reports, hint at some almost inconceivable greatness as being in store for the Lord of Verona, Dante

* With the line, "Questi non ciberà terra nè peltro," *cf.*, "*Paradiso*," xvii., 83-4:

Ma pria che il Guasco l'alto Arrigo inganni,
 Farran faville della sua virtute
 In con curar d'argento, nè d'affanni,

where the reference is certainly to Cane. Benvenuto da Imola tells us, in confirmation of Cane's ingrained contempt for mere pelf, that being brought by his father, when a child, into a room containing much treasure, "*levatis pannis, minxit super eum.*" The lines from the "*Paradiso*" very possibly refer in especial to the suppression of the Knights Templars throughout Christendom, which was prior by a few years to Clement's betrayal of the German Emperor in 1312 or 1313 ("pria che il Guasco"—Clement was a Gascon—"l'alto Arrigo inganni"), and to Cane's generous behaviour in regard to the confiscated goods of the Templars in his dominions, which, instead of appropriating in any way, he handed over to the Knights of St. John.

† 'Un cinquecento diece e cinque,' stated in Roman numerals, becomes DXV., easily transposed into DUX.

being told, but enjoined not to tell again, what is in store for Cane, as something which even those who should be witnesses to the event would find incredible. Now, we are to bear in mind Dante's well-known views (as expounded in the "*De Monarchia*") as to the two-fold government of mankind, instituted by Divine Providence in accordance with the two ends that Providence designed for man—the blessedness of this life and of life eternal. Man's eternal felicity, in Dante's view, was divinely committed to the Supreme Pontiff; his earthly felicity to the Emperor: both having their seat in Rome, as the centre of the world; each being supreme in his own field, without any invasion on the other's part; and both acting in perfect harmony for the general good.* Now what was the condition of Italy at the time Dante was writing the "*Paradiso*"? The Papal Court was in captivity at Avignon, dragged away thither like a slave or harlot (to use Dante's trenchant metaphor) at the behest of the King of France; all the hopes of the Italian Ghibellines had been dashed to the ground by the sudden death of the Emperor, from whom so much had not unnaturally been looked for, and there was no one to take his place: everywhere was confusion, tyranny, rapacity, miserable intestine and external discord, among the little princedoms and commonwealths into which the "*bel paese*," the garden of the Empire, was split up. It is not perhaps to be wondered at that the exalted imagination of Dante should have seen in the magnificent and victorious Lord of Verona, of whom he had from personal intercourse learned to form so high an opinion, the very man who might be the salvation of poor, oppressed Italy, and that

* "*De Monarchia*," Book III, c. 16. Dante, however, does not construe his principle so strictly as not to enjoin due reverence on the part of the Emperor to the Pope—of Caesar to Peter—such reverence as the first-born son owes to his father.

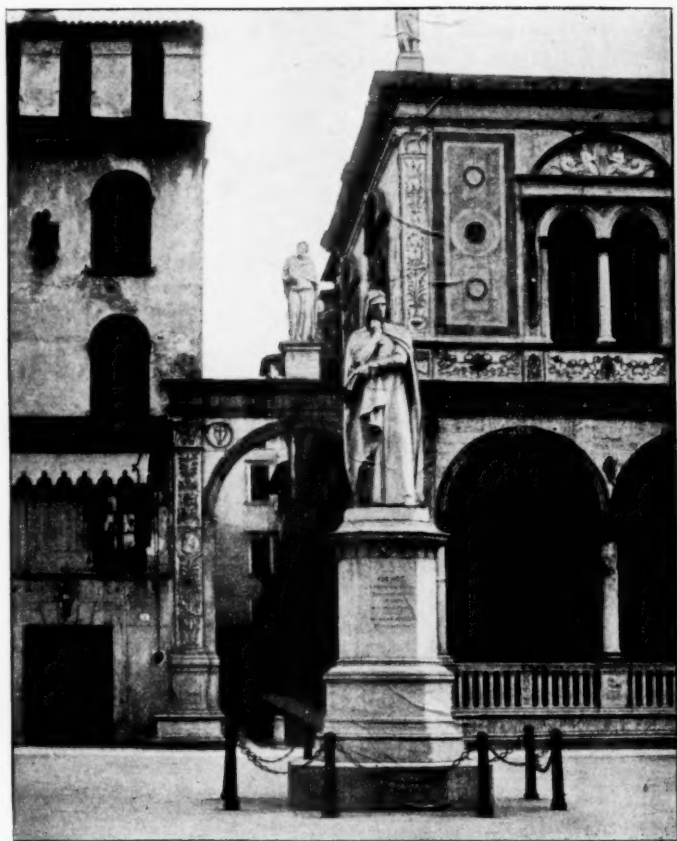
he should have given a certain utterance to those expectations or hopes in these veiled prophecies. For, after all, he knew them to be no more than hopes, and it is rather probable (as suggested by Scartazzini, "Comm. Lips.," III., 471) that he purposely left much obscurity in his references to Cane. As in the "Veltro" of "Inferno," i., and the DXV of the close of the "Purgatorio," he has left in doubt the persons intended; so here, at the end of Cacciaguida's prophecy, where the person is unmistakable, he is silent as to the details of his future achievements, excusing himself by the injunctions he had received from his great-great-grandfather. The reason, doubtless, was that, great as were his hopes of Cane, he knew that after all they might not be verified, and he feared the risk of being accounted a false prophet. As a fact, Cane died suddenly in 1329, eight years after the poet, and at the early age of thirty-eight, having done nothing to fulfil the poet's expectations; and those exalted hopes of a great and beneficent imperial rule in Italy, based upon the theories expounded in the "De Monarchia," were never destined to be fulfilled. "With Henry the Seventh (says Mr. Bryce*) ends the history of the Empire in Italy, and Dante's book is an epitaph instead of a prophecy." But how great must have been Dante's estimate of Can Grande, when he not only looked forward to him as the "Veltro," the "Dux," who might heal the internal discords of Italy, and restore both the Papacy and the Empire to their rightful place as co-workers for the general good, but also dedicated to him, as the best gift he had to bestow, his own "Paradiso," that divinely beautiful cantica of the "mystic, unfathomable song," and, perhaps, even sent it him piecemeal for his approval!

* "The Holy Roman Empire." London: 1873; p. 264.

It should be added that Dante's son, Pietro, settled in Verona after his father's death, and became a distinguished lawyer there, and that the poet's direct line, after furnishing Verona with many more or less notable citizens, came to an end in the sixteenth century in Ginevra Alighieri, a daughter of the third Pietro, who was united in marriage to the Count Marcantonio Serego. "Thus," says Arrivabene, "that immortal blood was transfused, and is still preserved, to the glory of the city which was the first refuge of the divine ancestor, in the illustrious family Serego Alighieri."*

Many are the changes which, since Dante's time, have passed over beautiful Verona. After the fall of the Scaligers, both the Viscontis of Milan and the Carraras of Padua held it for a brief period, and early in the fifteenth century it was absorbed by the great Republic of Venice. From that date it has shared the fortunes of the rest of Venetia. An alien soldiery long held its garrisons and paraded its streets; but in 1866, on the occasion of the Austro-Prussian war, the hated Austrian was at length expelled, and Verona, together with Venice, became an integral part of free and united Italy. The year before, on the sixth centenary of Dante's birth, the city where he found "lo primo suo rifugio" raised in his honour one of the best of the modern statues of the poet to be found in Italy. There he stands, stately and severe, in the centre of the Piazza de' Signori, commanding a scene some of whose actual features must once have been present to his bodily eye. Hard by, in front of the charming Town Hall or Loggia, among a crowd of busts of distinguished Veronese, is to be seen the round chubby face of his host, Can

* F. Arrivabene, "Il Secolo di Dante," Firenze, 1830, in *fine*. Cf. also Vellutello, "Vita e Costumi del Poeta," in his "Commento"; and Pelli, "Memorie alla Vita di Dante Alighieri," Firenze, 1823, § 4, which contains a genealogical tree of the family.



STATUE OF DANTE, VERONA.

From a Photograph.

Grande; and not far away, in front of the little chapel of the Scaligers, that mighty man, clad in armour and mounted on horseback, is sculptured over the sarcophagus which contains his dust. But it is the poet who commands the scene, both the actual scene and the historical one, as we now look back upon it; while the magnificent Lord of Verona has his chief title to remembrance and honour from the honour he conferred on himself by becoming the once despised poet's host and friend. And thus Dante's statue in the piazza of Verona is not only (with so many scores of others in Italy), a witness to his great and ever-growing fame, but may also, in a more general sense, be taken as a symbol of the undying power and influence of the poet over the hearts and the minds of men.

Note to Page 212.

This statement needs modification. The writer's references in Book I., p. 3, to his long wanderings in Italy since his expulsion from Florence seem to fix the *terminus a quo* of the date of the *Convito* as not earlier at the least than 1304, when he had only spent about two years in exile; while the *terminus ad quem* of the date of the work, in the incomplete form in which we possess it, can hardly be later than 1308, judging from the references in the last book to persons still living who died then or thereabouts. There is a high probability for the belief that the *Convito*, as we have it, excluding of course the three canzoni, was written between 1304 and 1308, and that in or about the latter year Dante abandoned the further carrying out of his huge scheme, finding the prose of the *Convito* no longer adequate to express the deeper theological views to which he had now attained. The great poem to which the *Convito*, as dealing with the previous stage of Dante's spiritual development, may be considered in the light of a prelude, now mainly occupied him until his death in 1321.





ON MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

BY J. D. ANDREW.

TO speak of Making the Best of It implies that It is imperfect; and so, indeed, It is, whatever It may be. True, when the Great Creator rested from His work, and beheld the new world, He saw that it was good; but, as the Preacher says, "God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions." The New Woman asserted herself, and, following her lead, Man, raising a brazen face against Authority, issued the first Declaration of Independence. Successive ages have added one defilement after another, until at last we look upon a world befouled, defaced, and marred by the hands of the being to whose care it was committed—the pure water of the mountain rill turned to a filthy stream of abominations; a repulsive open sewer, emitting, in retaliation on humanity, myriads of poisonous germs, pregnant with death; the firmament of heaven murky with smoke; the glorious sun obscured; and the life-giving air contaminated. In his struggle for lucre, Man spares nothing, and, if it were not for the limitations of scientific knowledge, would use the planets to flaunt his nostrums, engage the morning stars to sing the praises of his undertakings, and convert the harmony of the spheres into a jangle of competition, while pale-faced Luna would climb the night with sadder and slower steps

than ever, as she exhibited a monstrous advertisement of a quack pill.

If it were not for the well-recognised fact that the vast majority of mankind are fools, or insane, one would be puzzled to account for this disfigurement of nature at the hands of a civilisation which pretends to aspire to Sweetness and Light; which erects statues only to coat them with soot; plants trees, and then kills them with chemicals; huddles its people in pestiferous slums, and spreads among them a love of nature by excursion trains conveying crowds of foul-mouthed yahoos to its loveliest solitudes, where, dumped down in indiscriminate thousands, they drink, and spit, and howl, and curse, and enjoy, after their fashion, a thoroughly happy day in the country; a civilisation which produces dilettante æsthetics who attempt to wake the soul, sunk in squalor, by tender strokes of art, as in exhibitions of pictures, or objects in the glass cases of museums, where the man, whose whole life has been trained by the same civilisation to mean and sordid ambitions, is expected to rejoice in works of art, and appreciate the highest forms of a beauty, to him unmeaning and unremunerative.

When, thus, over the native beauty of nature, over all that is lovely in art, is to be seen the trail of the serpent, can we wonder that the new-born infant should express by a plaintive wail his distaste of the world before him. Not only does a scene of ugliness and deformity burst upon his view, but he has a prospect of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Alas! poor wretch! Disease, disappointment, distress he shall surely suffer; nor may he well escape the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love; while there ever lurks to prey upon him the knaveries, impostures, injuries, and villanies of men; and even if it

be his good hap to get through life with but little molestation from all these, there is, lying in wait for him at the end of all, one dread thing certain—unpitying, unsparing Death. But he is born into this world, and, if he is wise, will make the best of it. As a child he naturally does so, for it is not until he has got his wisdom teeth that he makes a fool of himself. Then he curses his stars and rails against Fortune; shakes his fist against heaven, and denounces Providence as a bungler and a fraud. At last his brains so trouble him that he blows them out, as one would a farthing dip; there is a slight stench—and one fool the less. Or, lacking the resolution to relieve the world of his presence, he settles down to a gloomy despondency, and, if he be literary, proceeds to emit, like the cuttle-fish, an inky fluidity, odious to all around him. He expresses his despair of things in general, his disgust at the ruler of the universe—the while he has an eye to the main chance, and drives a close bargain with his publisher. If he be not a writer, he is a grumbler, a croaker; he is as a sour apple, and sets our teeth on edge.

But why? “For,” says Marcus Aurelius, “what are all the revolutions of nature and the accidents of life, but trials of skill and exercises of reason?” Sterne’s starling, beating against the bars of its cage, with its perpetual cry of “I can’t get out! I can’t get out!” was just such an idiot as he who chafes at the inevitable, for, as the old saw has it, “what can’t be cured must be endured.” Seeing, then, that in the game of life we must perforce take our part, it is idle to sulk at what displeases us, and, like pettish children, declare we won’t play. Repining is useless, so we may as well pull ourselves together and face the music.

Not that man should meanly lie down in the mire to let the juggernaut car of Circumstance roll over him, who,

properly, is Lord of Circumstance; rather should he exalt himself against the threatening evil and, when he can, subdue it. If, however, he is worsted in the struggle, if he cannot escape the foe, let him then at least suffer with courage and dignity. Even Death, the grim King of Terrors, should be met with equanimity. Montaigne avowed that if he could shield himself from the fatal dart by creeping under a calf-skin even, he would not shrink; he would borrow arms of cowardice, but seeing that to be useless, that it catches men as well flying, and making the poltroon, as standing to it like a man, he counsels standing our ground and fighting him by disarming him of his terrors. Let the heart of the craven sink within him; the philosopher and the hero are ever ready to depart when the hour shall come. Wellington was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed time when the captain came to him and said: "It will soon be all over with us!" "Very well," answered the Iron Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots!"

Perhaps none of the ancient virtues is, in our days, so much despised as contentment. Every scribbler in our journals has his fling at the precepts of a catechism which teaches the child to do his duty in that state of life to which it "shall please" (not "has pleased," so persistently misquoted) God to call him. St. Paul declared that he had learned in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content; but the silly and vicious phrase of a "divine discontent" commends itself more to the nineteenth century, and the results are seen in a recrudescence of society not by any means making the best of it.

But let us pass in review the chapter of accidents, and, whether they be great or small, let us look if these troublous clouds on our horizon are not every one relieved by a silver lining.

Comically enough, men are usually most fretted by "little worries." The innate antagonism of matter as exhibited by one's collar-stud, which persists in hiding itself upon the least excuse, is proverbial. A respectable householder will work himself into a fury as he crawls about the room in search of it, more especially if in the pursuit he bumps his head against the bedstead. A stray tack on the floor will, though it fail to point a moral, bring about much pointed language; and an empty soap-dish in the lavatory will be full of occasion for such an explosive outburst as will cause a flood of tears in the kitchen. A tuneful piano-organ is, to this man, sufficient to disturb the harmony of existence, while that one is well nigh driven frantic by so common an occurrence as the unpunctuality of a train. Many men are perpetually troubled by the weather, and slap the barometer in the face as if it were to blame for the rain that vexes them. In this respect it would be well if we English were content to do as they do in Spain, where, when it rains, they let it rain.

Bores are certainly very trying inflictions, and usually are spoken of as insufferable, though a little consideration will show that even they have their place in the universe. The man who has endured one through a long railway journey will feel, as he escapes from his clutches, a relief—an expansion of spirit—to which otherwise he might be an utter stranger.

A shrewish wife, is, perhaps, more than a little trouble, but she can hardly be worse than Xantippe, and we have the example of Socrates to encourage us, who, when she had seized his garments for her own wear, unconcernedly made shift with a sheepskin; and when she concluded one of her tirades by emptying the slops on his devoted head, merely remarked that thunder was usually followed

by rain. At least the henpecked husband can console himself with the reflection that he is not mated to a poor, spiritless, nonentity of a thing.

That man is but a poor creature who cannot boast, as did Dogberry, that he is "a fellow who hath had losses." Boast, I say, because to have lost is to have had something to lose. Many losses though are but blessings in disguise. When Joseph lost his home and his liberty, who would have thought that thereby he would become so great a lord? and, in like manner, the fortune of Themistocles was made by his banishment into Egypt, so that he said he had been undone unless he had been undone. I knew a man who, on his way to spend a merry Christmas in London, had just ensconced himself snugly in the railway carriage, when he was summoned home by a message announcing that a house he was building had been blown down. He lost, besides his pleasure trip, some hundreds of pounds, but if he had gone on his journey he would have lost his life, for every one in that carriage was killed in a railway collision before an hour had passed. And sometimes a loss is modified otherwise. A certain man, holding in his hand a choice pebble, was irritated by a yelping cur. He hastily threw the stone at it and missed the dog, but hit his mother-in-law. Whereupon he remarked the stone was not utterly lost. So did evil turn to good.

To lose money, and to bear the loss calmly, no doubt requires considerable fortitude, but what is the use of crying over spilt milk? After Fox, that inveterate gambler, had lost his all at the faro table one night, and had gone home a ruined man, Beauclerc, his friend, anxious and uneasy, called next morning, expecting to behold him either dead or plunged in despair; but instead he found him reading a Greek Herodotus. "What would

you have me do?" said Fox, "I have lost my last shilling." Again, what a sight for men and angels was Scott, in his bankruptcy, refusing the assistance of friends, and bravely saying, "No, this right hand shall work it all off"—a gallant and spirited example which, one rejoices to think, has just lately been followed by a contemporary.

To lose the fruits of one's labour is, perhaps, even worse than to lose money, but how stoically did Porson receive the intelligence of the destruction by fire of his long-laboured Photius—he merely quoted: "To each his sufferings—all are men," adding, "Let us speak no more on the subject," and next day he patiently began his work all over again. And, when Newton's little lapdog had, by upsetting a candle, destroyed manuscripts which contained the work of years, how calm was the reproach: "Ah, Tiny! thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done."

It is not only amongst men of light and leading that instances of stoical composure are found. Robinet, a peasant of Lorraine, was returning from market, congratulating himself on the contents of his basket. "This piece of kid," he said, "well stewed with my onions, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for a bishop." But, spying a squirrel, he set down his basket, and climbed the tree to catch it, when a passing dog put its nose in the basket, and, before he could get down made off with the meat. "Well," said Robinet, "then I must rest content with soup-maigre, and no bad thing either." But, approaching an inn, he was invited by an old crony to sit down and take a draught with him, and while so engaged, his basket on the floor, a tame raven stole the bag of meal. On finding out his loss Robinet said, "Well, my soup will be thin, but I will boil some bread with it." Coming to a brook, he gallantly assisted a timid girl across the plank bridge, and crowned

his misfortunes by dropping his basket in the stream. The salt melted and the pepper was washed away ; nothing was left but the onions. " Well," said Robinet, " then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread ; last night it was the bread alone. To-morrow it will not signify what I had." So saying he trudged on, singing.

The loss of friends is grievous at first, but, after all, not unbearable, for a great friend is never lost ; and with regard to some people there is much truth in what Swift says : " If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his own at the same time."

And the loss of one of the senses is trivial compared with the loss of that primary essential—common-sense. For what floods of twaddle does he escape who is, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, sufficiently deaf to excuse the use of artificial aid—

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

The mind in such a case is left undisturbed to that contemplative exercise the want of which, now-a-days, accounts for so much immature speech. Blindness seems almost equivalent to annihilation, but what about Milton ? and what, too, about Fawcett ? who did not find it interfere with fly-fishing ; or that model Cheshire squire Rhyming Warburton ? who used to inspect his new buildings by feeling them all over. But the most remarkable triumph of mind over matter was exhibited by that Irish gentleman, who, born without arms or legs, was a gallant rider to hounds, and an eloquent debater in the House of Commons. Sometimes, indeed, a bodily affliction turns out to be an actual gain, as in the case of the gardener who lost a leg and thought himself ruined for life, until he discovered that its wooden substitute made such a superior potato dibber that his fortune was ensured.

We probably waste a good deal of sympathy on those whom we consider unfortunate, but who themselves are untroubled. Goldsmith tells us of a poor slave he saw working at a fortification in Flanders. "He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sang, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here!"

Even the greatest calamities may bring some godsend. When that graceless whelp, Bobo, had burnt down the paternal homestead, was not the heart of his father gladdened by the discovery of that celestial delicacy, roast pig? Other men have been known to suck no small advantage out of fires at their own premises, though not without exciting suspicions in the minds of insurance officials; while a ship that has never returned has brought to its owner an accession of wealth; but such matters as these are foreign to our subject, and we will conclude with a summing-up of the considerations recommended to him who is moved by a desire to "make the best of it" in a world where, after all, "bad's the best."

Let him, then, if he be poor, or wretched, or afflicted, reflect how much poorer he might be, how much more wretched, and what afflictions he has been spared. Let him comfort himself that his trials serve as a refiner's fire to purge away the dross, and as the frosts of winter to harden him, that the "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers," and that the tribulations of his Lent are but to fit him for the joys of Easter. What he cannot escape from he may as well endure with patience, "since," as Jeremy Taylor says, "impatience does but entangle us like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but

cannot at all ease our trouble or prevent the accident.' But, indeed, is it not foolish that he who is every day made aware of his own shortcomings should expect all around him to be to his liking? Though he be troubled beyond measure, is there one with whom he would change fortunes? There is not one. For if he would have the riches of this man, he must take his old wife in the bargain—the bodily vigour of that other, he must also take with it the meagre brain and animal nature.

Indeed, the gifts of Providence are not so partial as we are prone to think, and no evil is without its compensating good. If it were not for clouds, the blue ethereal would lose its charm, and light itself be a hateful monotony were it not for the grateful shade. Why then should we desire a continuous satisfaction which could only end in satiety, or be cast down by cares, which are the common lot of all? It is certainly incumbent upon us to wage a never-ending war with the powers of evil, to fight manfully against the adverse fates, to create, not to be the creatures of, circumstance.

But it is also our business to lead, so far as we can, consistently with that honour and virtue without which it is not, a happy life, to keep a heart for every fate, looking ever at the bright side of things, and to pass through the world singing a cheerful song.

So merrily jog the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
Your merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.





THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

IF you look in your French Dictionary, you will—if it be worthy the name of dictionary—find the word *calepin* and its meaning, “a note-book, a memorandum book, a scrap album.” You may also find against it an asterisk or other mark to signify that it is obsolete; perhaps also a note saying that the word *carnet*, now takes its place. So far as language goes this is so. But a *carnet* is not, and never can be, a *calepin*. The former is a small portable affair; the latter at least a quarto, sometimes an encyclopædia, always an unpocketable article.

If you search your English Dictionary, you will not find the word nor anything like it, whether your dictionary be dated 1584 or 1884.* Yet it was at one time an English word. Charles Cotton used it; Evelyn preceded him; before Evelyn, Drummond of Hawthornden had occasion for it; and Florio before Drummond. In 1568, in a Lancashire Will occurs, “I wyll that Henry Marrecrofte shall have my calapyne and my parafrasies.” Florio, in 1603, in his translation of Montaigne’s essay, “On

* That portion of the New English Dictionary edited by Dr. Murray, containing the word *calepin*, was issued in 1888.

Experience," observes: "A stone is a body. But he that should insist and urge: And what is a body? A substance. And what is a substance? and soe go on, should at last bring the respondent to his calipine." In 1649, Drummond of Hawthornden, in his "Magic Mirror," mentions "taxations, monopolies, tolls, . . . and such impositions as would trouble many calepines to give names unto"; and Evelyn, in "Chalcography" (1662) remarks: "we have weeded the calepines and lexicons." Finally, Cotton follows Florio with a difference in the spelling of the word *calepin*.

Florio's phrase was formally current as a well-known English proverb, and the word occurs in a few French popular sayings. In England, "to bring a man to his calepin," meant, "to the utmost limits of his knowledge," or rather, as we now say, "to his wits' end;" literally, that he had got as far as he could without reference to his encyclopædia. It had also a meaning similar to the current phrases, "to bring a man down to his porridge," or "his nose to the grindstone." In France they used to say: "cela n'est pas dans son calepin," "that's beyond him altogether." "Mettez cela sur votre calepin," meaning, as Captain Cuttle would phrase it, "When found make a note of;" or, as we still sarcastically say, "Put that in your pipe." In French literature I have so far met with the word only in Montaigne as above, and in the First Satire of Boileau, where he observes:—

Que Jaquin vive ici
Qui de ses revenus, écrits par alphabet,
Peut fournir aisément un calepin complet.

In old Italy, *calepino* meant a large Index, preferably polyglot; to-day my pocket dictionary informs me, with a strange-sounding, obsolete adjective, that it signifies "collectaneous notes."

The derivation of this word, like that of *boycott*, is from an individual who, for a time, was brought into prominence. In this instance the responsible name is that of Ambrogio Calepino or Da Calepio, who, according to Littré, compiled the first Latin Dictionary. There were, of course, many glosses in manuscript before Calepino was born; but it was printing that first made dictionaries possible, and Calepino seems to have been the pioneer in Latin.

Calepino was born at Calepio or (according to some) at Bergamo on June 6th, 1435. His father, Count Trussardo, was descended from the ancient family of the Counts of Calepio, a village in Lombardy at the southern end of Lake Iseo. Hence his cognomen. In 1451, at the age of sixteen, he entered the order of Augustines, by whom, Moreri observes "his merit and great learning were highly valued." In his youth he seems to have been famous for his precocity in the study of tongues, and it is said he was one of the most profound Hebrew scholars of his time. It may readily be supposed that, with his skill in languages, he was not long in beginning work on his great "Dictionarium;" to which enterprise he consecrated the whole of his life. Like Rabelais, in after years, he used up all his spare minutes on his favourite and formidable task, never allowing a day to pass without an addition, alteration or correction; "Nulla dies sine linea." Yet half a century passed before the polyglot result, a gigantic folio, was added to the learning of the world. The first edition, in Latin and three or four other languages, published at Reggio in 1502, was not long in finding a resting-place in libraries public and private; and so numerous were references to it that, for short, it was called the "Calepin;" a word which, in literary circles, was, for two centuries, synonymous with a ponderous note-book.

The second edition issued from the Reggio press in 1505, and several others followed up to 1509, another language or two being added to the later ones. About this time Calepino's incessant work brought on total blindness, and he died on 30th November, 1511, at the age of seventy-six. His blindness is not surprising if we consider that he had to read and correct nearly two thousand folio pages of bourgeois type, and minion italics, with interspersions of Greek, Hebrew, and German, several times between 1502 and 1509. After his death editions were issued by various grammarians and lexicographers, among whom were Passerat, Facciolati, La Cerda, and Laurent Chifflet. The house of Aldus printed no less than sixteen editions. The Aldine edition of 1575 added the Italian, French, and Spanish languages; and the Basle edition of 1590, which is the best, included Polish and Hungarian; in all, eleven languages. To the printers in many cities the Calepin, though not exactly a typographical classic, was a work sure of purchasers. Besides the publications at Reggio, Venice, and Basle, one appeared at Lyons in 1586, and another edited by Facciolati in 1681. Leyden was responsible for Passerat's in 1644, and Padua produced one in 1758, and another even as late as 1772. The eleven languages in which the most complete editions of the Calepin appear are Latin, Hebrew, Greek, French, Italian, German, Belgian, Spanish, Polish, Hungarian, and English.

From its popularity over the whole Continent the "Calepin" may be said to be *the* Latin Dictionary of the sixteenth century. It preceded the Thesaurus of Henry Stephens—regarded by some as the founder of Latin lexicography—by twenty-nine years, and Adam Littleton, as late as the year 1677, admitted his indebtedness (*inter alia*) to Calepino. The various and numerous editions of the Calepin are sufficient proof of its worth and success. In

spite of many small faults, which seem inseparable from a work of this magnitude, we must render justice to the vast erudition of Calepino and his almost interminable diligence. Bayle finds fault with Calepino for wrong references to two quotations from Pliny; and though they are wrong, Bayle, in correcting Calepino, is himself incorrect in each instance. He is inclined to side with those scholars who called Calepino a *plagiary*; and here we get a glimpse of one phase of the scholastic life and the meannesses and jealousies of the grammarians and lexicographers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Bayle, in a note to his biography of Junianus Majus (a Neapolitan gentleman who combined fortune-telling with Philology, and was the author of a work entitled, "De Priscorum Proprietate Verborum," published at Naples in 1475 by Matthias Moravus) says that "Calepin learned much from the book of Majus." As Toppi remarks (Nicolo Toppi, *Bibliot. Napolet.* p. 168): "He (Majus) publish'd a book concerning the propriety of ancient words which Ambrose Calepin made considerable use of." But it is in the Commentaries he makes upon Nicolas Perot (who died Archbishop of Siponto in 1480) that Bayle falls foul of Calepino. Perot, at first a teacher of Latin, translated Polybius from Greek into Latin, and subsequently wrote a commentary upon Martial; but while the latter was in manuscript, he became Archbishop, and refrained from publication either in manuscript or print, as "he thought it beneath him and not suitable to the *Decorum* of an Archbishop's Dignity by reason of the Obscenities which were in Martial." This commentary of Perot was first printed after his death under the title of "*Cornucopie*," at Venice by Aldus, and at Basle by Curio and Valderus. Bayle, fond of the word, but hating the individual, again calls out "plagiary." "Perot," he remarks, "is accused of

having transcribed what others had said without naming them. Martinus (Matthias Martinus in "*Lexico. Philolog. voce sarcina*") upbraids him with it, having convicted him of having stolen a passage of Laurentius Valla, and he makes this observation in his preface: 'Ambrossio Calepino distinguished the barbarous words from the Latin in a judicious manner and corroborated his opinion by the authority of the ancients, in which he conducted himself with greater sincerity than Perot, who, indeed compiled his "*Cornucopiæ*" with diligence, but, at the same time, with secrecy; he suppressing the names of the greatest part of the authors to whom he was indebted for his materials.'" Bayle (who has not, by-the-way, found place in his great Historical Dictionary for such a bad man as Calepino) grows heated with Martinus at this mild and apparently fair criticism of Perot, and says: "Several People will wonder to find in this Passage the sincerity of Calepinus preferred to that of Nicholas Perot; for great Complaints have been made of Calepinus, as being an impudent plagiary of Nicholas Perot." Then he leads his authorities into the fray: Baillet, with his "*Judgment of Learned Men*;" Floridus Sabrinus and his "*Apologia*;" an anonymous author of an "*Apologia for the Latin Poets*;" the German author of the "*Bibliographia Curiosa*;" and Leonardo do Nicodemo, who added notes and other sundries to the work of Nicolo Toppi. And says: "To say something more particularly about the Conduct of Calepinus, I shall observe, that being not a literate Man, he had no thoughts of setting up for an Author, till he saw the '*Cornucopiæ*' of Nicolas Perot; and having heard that Perot seemed to be resolved to disown and give over that Fruit of his Secular and Prophane studies, and to renounce the Quality of Father, as if that of Archbishop would be dishonoured by it, he thought he could take

advantage of his dislike, and resolved to insert that Work in his Dictionary as if he had been the Author of it. Floridus Sabrinus says that he did it most wretchedly, because he dissolved the 'Cornucopiæ' with a world of filthy Stuff, which he gathered together out of the worst Authors of the barbarous and ignorant Ages. He adds, that it contributed on one side to celebrate the merit of Perot, and to make People look for his Original Book, and on the other side to shew the Impertinence of Calepino, and the Impurity of his Dictionary." This is not criticism; it is mere vituperation. Calepino, "not a literate man"! This is of course a falsehood. "Dissolved the 'Cornucopiæ' with a world of filthy Stuff"! It does not seem that Perot was proud of his work; in which case it is obvious that it could not easily be spoiled. "Gathered together out of the worst Authors of the barbarous and ignorant Ages"! If these words apply to Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Ovid, Plautus, Pliny—to name but a few of the authors quoted by Calepino—I have no respect for the opinion of Sabrinus upon matters literary, and less than I have hitherto had for Bayle. If Perot's was so much the purer, better and more learned work, it is curious that Calepino's larger and more costly tome was in greater request, since new editions were issued upwards of two centuries after Perot's had developed into an antiquity. As neither work was exactly a "kailyard" or a "problem" novel, it may be assumed that each existed only by virtue of its real worth, and until superseded by some work worthier still. Thirty years was the life of Perot's book; two hundred and seventy, that of Calepino's.

Let honour be given to whom honour is due, even though it be but a younger son's portion. Calepino, in three-score years and ten, worked himself blind in seven

languages. Nothing remains of him and his work but very brief biographies in out-of-the-way books; a few stray lexicographical mammoths; sundry notes of a quarrel of savants; half a dozen quotations; a once new but now obsolete word added to forgotten dictionaries; and the knowledge among Philologists that, like the foundations that support the Universities, somewhere at the bottom of the Latin learning of the Oxford and Cambridge of to-day rests "*Calepini Dictionarium*."





BY THOMAS KAY.

Sing hey, sing ho ! For a merry life on the mountain,
 Sing hey, sing ho ! Of joy and health the fountain,
 With hearts as light
 As the morning bright,
 And the old as hale as the young one ;
 Pursuit and strife
 Are the games of life
 Which make it a merry and a long one.



FROM the rocky vertebræ of heather and grass-clad slopes, and looking beyond Stirling Castle, the gate of the Grampians, we see the sun-lit clouds reflected in the Frith of Forth, which broadens into the sea, and the horizon merges them both together.

A purple-black cloud is ascending over the Fintry hills to the west and the Dungoil mountains to the south. From behind, the sun flashes silver lights on its ragged fringes, and bursting through, it sends out compass rays which illumine the grey-green valleys, flick the white cottages into bright relief and the Walton loch into dazzling sheen. The light is seen to travel upwards across the braes, and to strike as with blood the red patches of heather, before it disappears.

The gorge into which the Endrick pours its stream, over the Loup of Fintry, is enveloped by the cloud as it comes along. Grey ragged patches detach in front of the blackness, the sun is gone, and now the mountain we are on is enveloped in the cloud itself.

There is a darkness which can almost be felt, and a moan seems to rise from the earth as the squall strikes the mountain's side. The grasses hiss with the driven rain, and the wind, released from its confines, hurtles the exposed heather, shaking its ragged withers and whirling it round as if to tear it from the earth, but the conflict is soon over.

The wind drops into a gentle breeze; the heather has shaken the pearly drops from its beard; the grouse crane out their mobile necks, emerge from their shieldings, and chatter and talk to each other upon the event—and so the morning passes away.

At noontide, when the clouds are high in the heavens, to lie in the heather, basking in the sun, is a revelation of the keen delight nature keeps in reserve for us. The faint heliotrope odour of the heather flowers, unlike the pungent pronounced perfume of those of the East which produces vertigo on the brain, is a scent to be sought for—it is, otherwise, imperceptible. You require to lean upon the flowering heather just after rain and smell for it as a dog does for game, and you find it steals entrancingly over your delicately attuned senses. The flowers themselves are a wonder. The petals form a double cross, one inside the other, each of a pale pink, crowding the woody stem in the same fashion as the hollyhock, but in greater profusion. Go to the same bush a week later and you find the petals incurved over the fruit, without touching it, a veritable nightcap to a delicious looking green minute apple, tinted on the side upon which the sun

glints, with a faint rosy flush more exquisitely beautiful than that on the finest peach or nectarine. This luscious fruit ripens, and it is said that usquebaugh was formerly made from it.

The twisted branches of heather give shelter to a great population of insect and bird life. Not only grouse live under them, but linnets and larks and the migratory birds seek the shelter of their close embrace. Equal in beauty to a field of flowering gorse is a braise of flowering heather. To lie buried in it in that languor which is nigh unto dreamland, and to fancy its branches stretching upwards to high Heaven as in a darkest African forest, and to see the rich green-leaved and rose-flowered trees between yourself and the sky, to see the aptera and coleoptera magnified into a likeness of the extinct winged lizards and other dragon-like creatures, with grouse as big as the Dodo, and Dodos as large as the *Dinornis*, is to revel in a happy enchantment until sleep brings mental oblivion.

Heather not only makes a favourite bed, as Dr. Johnson relates in his visit to the Highlands, but it has the power of inspiring bards. Thus Niel Munro sings—

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
A shepherd's plaiding and a beggar's pay,
If I might earn them where the heather waving
Gives fragrance to the day.

The stars might see me homeless one and weary,
Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
And still content I'd find a bedding cheery
Where'er the heather grew.

There is a something that reminds us of health and freedom in the sound of the word heather—elide the “l” from health, we get heath, and hence heather, also “heathen,” the dwellers away from the sound of the “church going bell.” Heather is a most beautiful word.

There is a translation from the German of Von Hilm set to music by Lassen—

Lay by my side a bunch of purple heather,
The last red flowers of an autumn day,
And let us sit and talk of love together
As once in May.

Love is more properly allied to the white and not to the purple heather, and this is a subject worth enquiry. You may ramble many days and never come across this solitary plant, but suddenly, on a brown hill side amidst rusty looking seedy heath, your eye is refreshed by the sight of one plant of vivid green with tender white flowers erect thereon, looking as sweet as a charming maiden in a rude world of rank over-grown profligacy—and this is the white heather; a sport perhaps from the native purple heather, but most beautiful and refreshing to the eye. There is seldom found but one root at a time; its second may be miles away, and one should never tear or allow it to be torn up by the roots. Each sprig should be cut separately and put into water as soon as possible, for it soon fades.

To use it in the sportsman's orthodox manner—place the sprig in the mouth of the dead grouse, place the grouse's head under its wing with the milk white flowerets and the verdant leaves protruding beyond, just to give a revelation of their beauty against the dark red, bistre, and yellow background of soft feather, and you have a present for a Queen—*i.e.*, the Queen of your heart. If the present be acceptable, you may hear of the white heather being worn by the lady, which will be both flattering and gratifying to the sender.

A friend, Mr. T. D. Ward, of the Stockport Literary Club, sends me the following lines, which have been set to music by Mr. Herbert Yates:—

I've heard about the Edelweiss that whitens on the mountains,
And all about the bonnie ferns which grow beside the fountains;
Some praise the rose and jessamine which bloom in sunny weather,
But give to me before them all the bonnie milk-white heather.

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER.

Some rave about the golden gorse aflaming in its glory,
 Clematis blue and poppies red and lichens grey and hoary ;
 Verbenas and forget-me-nots and e'en of peacock's feather,
 But give to me before them all the bonnie milk-white heather.

I've heard of sunsets in the Alps and rosy dawns in Naples,
 Seen coppery hues on English beech and silver tints on maples ;
 You take all these and add to them, and sum them all together,
 But give to me before them all the bonnie milk-white heather.

THE BONNIE MILK-WHITE HEATHER.

Andante.



I've heard a-bout the E - del-weiss that
 whi-tens on the moun-tains, And all a-bout the bon-nie ferns which
 grow be-side the foun-tains ; Some praise the rose and
 jes - sa-mine which bloom in sun - ny weath - er, But
 give to me be-fore them all the bon-nie milk - white heath - er.





POETRY THE CONCOMITANT OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY W. V. BURGESS.

THE vexed question arises from time to time as to whether the writer of imaginative literature should not strictly confine himself to the purposes of mere entertainment, or whether, in the furtherance of his art, he may not legitimately introduce into it those philosophic issues which underlie, and which are, in point of fact, inseparable from the human experiences he depicts. That the primary aim of the novelist should be to interest his readers need not be denied, but that in the pursuit of this object he should be excluded from the domain of philosophy is as foolish as it is unwarrantable.

Now, that which may be claimed by the prose-writers of fiction as a privilege will be found to exist as an indisputable concomitant in all the higher forms of poetry. For, whilst admitting that the ordinary function of the poet is the presentment of moral and material beauty in metric modulation, we nevertheless contend that from his "mount of vision" the true poet often perceives and expresses the deepest philosophic truths. Thus, at the very outset, we find ourselves predicating that which after-

wards we shall attempt to prove, viz., that the specific truth which the philosopher arrives at by laboured methods of thought is intuitively apprehended by the mind of the poet.

This does not presuppose that the poet is necessarily possessed of a particularly perfect mind, but that he is endowed with a peculiarly vivid imagination, which faculty enables him to project his intellectuality to the confines of human knowledge without having first mastered its elemental stages. In other words, that, where the imaginative element rules supreme in the genius of the poet, it overleaps the ordinary boundaries and restrictions of common mental laws. Hence a poet may be a philosopher without, as a consequence, a philosopher being a poet, except in so far as his philosophic conclusions coincide with the truths disclosed by poetry.

We know that the product of human thought may, by the aid of a clear head and a sound method, be construed into any of the numerous systems of known philosophy, whether pantheistic, materialistic, or any other divisional form in this department of mental knowledge. We know, too, that, though the great poet may be able to reveal the inner life of the human race, and though he may possess the gift of prophecy and of universal sympathy with all that man has done or felt since the creation, yet his message is always stamped with the impress of his own individuality. Accordingly, it is no more to be expected that poets should concur in their philosophy than that philosophers should agree in their systems; no one mind can apprehend all truth. A mere phase of the Infinite is all that a finite unit can grasp and present to us; for, however elevated the imagination, however consummate the reason, the limitations of the human intellect forbid anything but a restricted view of the universe, and the variety of indi-

vidual standpoints, with their corresponding deductions, are only sidelights of one great whole.

Realising this fact, it therefore follows that no one particular poet does or can represent every separate system of philosophy, and yet poetry as a whole can and does contain almost every great philosophic dictum of every great philosophic school.

The fact that the mind of man is naturally impelled outwards towards a region and a something, but dimly felt and as yet unknown, is abundantly evidenced by the manifold theories of the philosopher and the visionary ideals of the poet, and though both may retire again and again as from an impenetrable wall of mystery, there still remains in the human mind an ineradicable conviction that there are laws and conditions which have not yet come within the field of its full perception; that there are possibilities within and without our common consciousness which are only awaiting the development of better methods of thought, and more highly perfected appliances, to reveal themselves as the natural concomitants of our every-day existence. The sensitive film, for instance, at the end of the telescope has the ability, photographically, of perceiving and recording the presence of a myriad worlds the human eye is incapable of detecting; and so, analogically, the genius, whether of poetry or philosophy, has the power of penetrating beyond the limits of the ordinary intellect, and of bringing therefrom, by the aid of abnormal imagination or extra mental acumen, those ideas which one generation calls transcendentalisms and chimeras, and the next accepts as the orderly workings of cosmic law. As an example of such prevision, we may cite Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*," a work so far in advance of the general thought of half a century ago that it was then dubbed unintelligible and heterodox. Read, how-

ever, in the light of present-day knowledge, it is found to be full of anticipations in science, religion, and philosophy.

Thus we have endeavoured to show that the incentive to speculative thought and mental discovery in philosopher and poet alike has a common origin—that is, in the intuitions and aspirations of the human mind.

Another remark or two are necessary before we pass to the main purport of our subject. And first, it may be stated that the value of any system of philosophy can be reckoned by the measure of fundamental truth it contains, and by its power to explain existence and to enlarge the outlook of mankind. The worth of poetry, on the other hand, may be considered as commensurate with its ability to idealise realities, to realise idealities, and to pose before humanity a more exalted goal for attainment. Philosophy attempts to effect its purposes through the agency of the reason; poetry seeks to attain its ends through the faculty of the imagination.

The term Reason is here used in its broad sense, as signifying every mental process which springs from a definitely-directed effort towards a given intelligible purpose. By the term Imagination we mean not only the faculty used for representing idealities, but a strongly developed and penetrative intuition, coming forth from that *locus principiorum* to which we have not, and cannot, contribute anything.*

Having thus briefly summarised and reviewed the leading factors and premises of our proposition, we may now proceed to cite examples in which the conclusions of the poet and the philosopher synchronise; and, for the sake of

* We cannot distinguish too emphatically between the purely sportive activity of the fancy and the exalted exercises of the imagination. One is but the mere ebullition of transient feeling; the other is an interpretation of the universal experiences of humanity.

succinctness, we shall confine ourselves to the best-known schools of modern philosophy and to quotations only from those poets who belong exclusively to the present century.

Beginning, therefore, with some of the most salient aspects of philosophic generalisations, we shall find prominent amongst the profoundest problems which have exercised the mind of man in his search after first principles the following question:—"Do natural phenomena exist as an intelligence, or simply as a brute fact?" To this query we receive from the poet some unexpected, and from the philosopher some carefully-wrought, answers.

Spinoza says the phenomenal world is not distinct from intelligence, but is the visible incorporation and manifestation of it. Fichte affirms that all finite existence is but the vesture of the infinite, and that there is a species of sentiency pervading all things. Hegel asserts that the material world contains its own energising and controlling power as an intelligence realising its own ends and aims. Berkeley lays down the law that all phenomena of mind and matter form one united and continuous sense presentation.

There is no necessity to multiply further examples. The above fairly represent the main philosophic views held on this question. When we turn for the poet's pronouncement on this same problem, we meet with a strangely literal concurrence of ideas.

Wordsworth believes that there is

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

And again, with more definite iteration—

It is his faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Indeed, a small volume would scarcely suffice for similar passages from Wordsworth, whose unspeakable

sympathy with Nature led him to ascribe to natural objects a degree of consciousness synchronal with that postulated by the philosophers just mentioned—in fact, much of the calm and elevated beauty of Spinozistic and Hegelian idealism is instinctively caught and expressed by him in almost every contemplative mood in his poetry.

Shelley also furnishes some exquisite illustrations in poetic agreement with this theory—

As in its sleep some odorous violet,
While yet its leaves with nightly dews are wet,
Breathes in prophetic dreams of day's uprise.

The buds foreknow their life.

Or,

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

Even Southey, though he be absorbed, as is his wont, in material description, pauses to interfuse the spiritual and the physical, as where he pictures the souls of the departed—

The elements on them like nurses tended,
And with their growth ethereal substance blended.

Coleridge, Byron, Keats, and Tennyson utter themselves again and again in lines of identical import with those just given, but we must forbear further quotations relative to this particular question, and pass on to others of equal significance. Before leaving this specific consideration, however, we shall do well to notice that it has reference simply to sentiency or intelligence in natural objects, and must not be confounded with the doctrine of Pantheism as such. This we shall deal with later.

It is an orderly step in the process of philosophy to pass from the consideration of the *non-ego* to the *ego*, from the general to the individual, from the field of universal intelligence to the recognition of personal consciousness.

If we could, parabolically, mount that incomparable steed which amid the fierceness of classic fight kept abreast the deathless chargers of Achilles, and so speed across the vast plains of philosophy, we should probably find ourselves just where Descartes arrived when he shot across the thinking world his famous brocard: "Cogito, ergo sum!"

Of course it is well known that this terse philosophic dictum, "I think, therefore I am," forms the intellectual basis of all ontological philosophy. Logically it is predicated by stating that that which can act or can be acted upon must exist. Fichte endorses the maxim by a corresponding one: "We have intuitive knowledge of the 'I' not generated by reasonings but self-existent in the mind," and Locke substantiates it by the parallel thesis: "If a man possesses experience, he has evidence of having thought and acted, and his own reality becomes indisputable, or briefly: 'I think, therefore I am.'"

In respect of this great philosophical axiom poetry is not one whit behind philosophy. Robert Browning, Locke-like, adduces "experience" as an invincible argument in proof of personal reality and identity:—

What matter though I doubt at every pore. . . .
If finally I have a life to show,
The thing I did, brought out in evidence
Against the thing done to me —

On this point Tennyson is very emphatic, and employs here and there almost the precise formula of Cartesianism:

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is he not all but that which has power to feel "I am I."

And—

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered "I have felt."

And again—

I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.

And in numerous other passages he strongly insists on the “*Cogito, ergo sum*” of Descartes, whose primary principle, “*Intuition*,” he calls—

The silent word
Of that world-prophet in the heart of man.

Other evidence of a like character may be found plentifully dispersed through the works of Byron, Keats, and Wordsworth, and not only in the Romanticism, Mysticism, and Naturalism of the foregoing, but also, in a certain measure, even in the positivism of Morris and the pessimism of Swinburne.

The mind having discovered, as we have briefly intimated, a method by which it can logically prove its separateness from surrounding phenomena, next proceeds to enquire into the nature of its impressions and sensations, and to investigate the circuits by which they are bounded, such as Time, Space, Past, Present and Future.

Regarding the three latter terms, philosophy opines that if humanity were deprived of the faculty of memory there could be no past, and if it were further dispossessed of imagination there could be no future. Hence, some philosophers have assumed that we are immersed in a continuous present, past and future being illusions due to the *apparent* succession of events, arising from our incapability of comprehending the whole at one time.

Byron seems to uphold this view when he writes—

And history with all her volumes vast
 hath but one page.

Browning, too, has a parallel thought in “*Abt Vogler*”—

What never had been, was now ;
What was, as it shall be anon ;
And what is,—shall I say, matched both ?

Without introducing special quotations, it is enough to call to mind the fact that with Shelley and Keats space and time were mere terms, conditioned by the imperfection of mortal sense, and which become meaningless when the finite is transmuted into the infinite.

The law of the "Association of Ideas," propounded by Locke, proffers a fairly satisfactory solution of the question, and which Byron, in spite of the quotation to the contrary, perceives and acknowledges in the lines—

It may be sound—

A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—

A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

How like this is to Locke's own illustration of the same law needs no pointing out.

We must not, however, permit ourselves to be led into the consideration of any of the minor points of poetic and philosophic synonymity. The broad, leading principles which distinguish schools and systems of philosophy will furnish us with examples far more than sufficient for our present purpose. Classed among such, and of undoubted pre-eminence, may be reckoned pessimism, optimism, and pantheism.

The *nec bene promeritis capitur* of Lucretius evinces a temper of mind among the ancient Romans unmistakably analogous to that of our own times, and which is expressed in the words, "Is life worth living?"

Though the existence of pessimism as a mental condition may be traced as far back as the time of Job, it has been left as a questionable distinction for the present century to promulgate a complete and definitely defined system of pessimistic philosophy. It is to Schopenhauer we owe the theory that the great compelling principle of the universe is a relentless unknowable Will, irrevocable, pitiless, and resulting always in a greater average of evil

than good. Hartmann follows with the discomfiting doctrine that just as the material world displays eternal strife and change, so must man, however, diligently he seeks pleasure, garner to himself an excess of misery. Life is a deception and death an obliteration.

Swinburne, with a brilliancy of diction and a musical metre wonderfully rich, has embodied in his poetry the thews of this philosophy of despair. There is invariably the baleful grin of the Gorgon's head of inevitable evil and hopelessness amid the most charming efflorescence of his verses.

They loved their lives through, and then went whither ?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows ?

And elsewhere—

Alas, my brother ! the cry of the mourners of old
That cried on each other,
All crying aloud on the dead as the death-note rolled—
Alas, my brother !

For, as we read in "A Forsaken Garden,"

From the graves they have made they shall rise up never.

This awful Lucretian nothingness, which palls the future in gloomy blankness, has no compensating element in the present. Happiness is fitful ; unhappiness alone is abiding.

Sorrow, on the wing through the world forever.

Hearts that strain at her chain would sever.
All things pass in the world, but never
Sorrow.

Or,

And Love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

The consolations of Christianity he repudiates with an energy worthy the Shade of Celsus, and when he has broken away from a belief in a future existence, he sings :—

What hurts it us here that sorrows are born and die ;
We have said to the dream that caressed and the dread that smote us,
Good night and good bye.

Nay, in an antagonism against religious dogmas he transcends both Schopenhauer and Hartmann, for he arraigns and condemns the Most High Himself:

Thou art judged, O Judge, and the sentence has gone forth against Thee,
O God.

Such a pessimistic mood of mind must of necessity militate against Swinburne's high poetic gifts, for though he panegyrises Love, Liberty, and Peace, they are not made objects of hope, but simply levers for readjusting the anomalies of law and government with which he is at variance.

William Morris, too, is largely a prophet of despair, and though his genius is influenced by very different emotional moods to those which actuate Swinburne, the inevitable end is none the less hopeless and imminent, though with Morris it is tempered with some note of regret that Love and Happiness should be but fugitive sensations, doomed to a quick and irrevocable annihilation. What the poetry of Wordsworth was to John Stuart Mill and the benign smile on Buddha's face to Schopenhauer, so to William Morris was that generous Socialism of which he was so ardent an exponent. But when the whole gamut of social ills have been ideally provided for by the poet, there still remains that wistful and unquenchable yearning in the human heart which refuses to yield to any exorcist, poetic or philosophic. Schopenhauer felt it, Hartmann reasoned on it, and Morris often confronted it with such reflections as—

Yea, I have looked and seen November there ;
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be
Fair death of things that, living once, were fair,
Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,
Strange image of the dread eternity,
In whose void patience how can these have part,
These outstretched feverish hands, this restless heart ?

And so Morris experienced with the preachers of pessimism the unsatisfying result attendant upon smoothing the road of human life by emptying it of all the constraining and energising influences connected with the belief in a future state. He attempts to make love subserve the general interests of the race, but with an intangible unseizable issue, though exquisitely conceived and expressed:—

Love is enough : while ye deemed him asleeping,
There were signs of his coming and sounds of his feet ;
His touch it was that would bring you to weeping,
When the summer was deepest and music most sweet.

The true meaning of human and cosmic progress was as effectually lost sight of by pessimistic poets as by pessimistic philosophers.

In familiarising ourselves with the philosophic characteristics and tendencies of Byron's poetry we shall find that much of his deepest thought was also clouded with a pessimistic gloom. He certainly acknowledged the existence of those recondite laws which bind men to nature, but to him they were often only so many blind chances, operating with objectless purpose, and frequently resulting in evil to humanity. Occasionally his volcanic bursts of passionate love, expressed under conditions invested with an etherealised splendour, in their elevated ideality, approach very near the plane of spirituality, only, however, to fall back into that melancholy pessimism exhibited in such lines as, for example, those in "Euthanasia":—

When time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion ! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed.

"Ay, but to die and go," alas !
Where all have gone and all must go !
To be the nothing that I was,
Ere born to life and living woe !

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er the days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

These verses contain a practical epitome of Schopenhauer's ethics, that happiness is but a *fata morgana*, that pain is the real groundwork of life, and our endeavour to escape from it the only object worthy of effort.

Surely than the moan of this "Welt-Schmerz," the ears of man have been unassailed by anything so dismal since the days when Æneas heard those fearful sounds issuing across the waters as he steered by Circe's Isle. Nor was the fabled gift of Hermes, the sprig of moly, ever more needed than now to preserve man from the allurements of the doctrines of Despair.

Fortunately for the world, many lusty shoots have sprung from the magic root of this potent herb, and the soil of philosophy has produced its own efficient antidote in "Optimism," to which again poetry has lent its invigorating and embellishing co-operation. We are not now speaking of that form of optimism which exists as the natural condition of certain minds to whom all the enigmas of life are hidden sources of good, and to whom Nature is a beneficent ministrant, whose flowers are chalice-cups and whose singing birds are supernal choirs. Our reference is to that reasoned-out system of philosophy first fully and perfectly formulated by Leibnitz, on the principle that there is sufficient reason why this should be the best possible of all worlds, and that there is no sufficient reason why it should be otherwise, since God, the Perfect One, is the contriver of the universal harmonies. Such, in brief conspectus, is the basis of optimism. Lotze and Herbart espoused and amplified this theory; the former embodied it in the phrase, "Man and Nature alike

are pervaded by the same great principles of reason and the same purposes of beneficence, both operating for the highest good." This, it will be perceived, brings us in line with modern altruism, with which no other name in modern poetry has so high and so illustrious a connection as that of Matthew Arnold. Much of the poetry of Browning is thorough in its optimism, as witness the logic in the song in "Pippa Passes":—

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

and the lines—

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.

One more passage from this poet will indicate not only the optimistic trend of his own mind, but his ideal of what the mental attitude of others should be; the words are from "Asolando":—

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning too, with a refined and etherealised fancy, invested much of her poetry with an optimistic light of the highest spiritual beauty, but we must forbear further quotations on this point, and proceed to the consideration of what may be held to be the most significant division of our subject, viz., Pantheism. This is an element which figures more largely than any other in both modern philosophy and in present-century poetry. Taking the term in its generally accepted sense, we shall find degrees of it in the Empiricism of Hume, in the Positivism of Comte, in the Idealism of Schelling, and in the pure reason of Kant. In no less measure it may be

discovered in the Nature-Worship of Wordsworth, in the Mystic Progressivism of Tennyson, in the disdain of formularies in Byron, and in the transcendentalisms of Shelley and Keats.

In the preceding sections we have briefly examined and compared the points of resemblance and of concurrence which exist between the poet and the philosopher in mental ultimates. Continuing the same methods in the present case, we enquire first for the chief philosophical bases of pantheism. These we find have, or may have, two separate origins, the spiritual and the material, or the identification of the Universe with God, and the merging of God in the Universe. Both systems are distinctly traceable in civilisations of the greatest antiquity, but our business is with the pantheism of modern philosophy, of which Descartes may be regarded as the father. The leading and controlling principle in Descartes' philosophy is Dualism. His greatest fundamental law is the absolute separateness of mind and matter, and their utter incapability of interpenetration or communication save through the agency of the pervading infinite essence, or Deity.

Here, then, we have the first flush of modern pantheism, the postulation of a mystical and mediating influence bringing into conscious contact the mental and the physical—the spirit and the body. Pure pantheism, however, as a fully developed system, did not appear until Spinoza startled the metaphysical world with his wonderfully fascinating, and apparently unanswerable, mental abstractions. The Spinozistic theory of Monism, or the oneness of the spiritual and the material, is diametrically opposed to the Dualism of Descartes, and necessitates for its maintenance the pre-supposition of a *causa-sui*. This, in interchangeable terms, Spinoza calls God, or substance of God, which virtually means an indivisible intelligence,

being all things, and operating through all forms of thought and matter—the spiritual and the corporeal being merely different manifestations of the same God-substance. This renouncement of the reality of the Objective led Spinoza to make the most daring intellectual efforts in support of the Subjective; in the process, all minor antinomies were lost; the huge generalisation, which merged all observable or thinkable phenomena into one grand whole, rendered detail of small importance. Thus (omitting reference to its ethics) was theological pantheism launched on the sea of human thought, and from which, till now, no system of philosophy and no truly great creation in poetry has been entirely free.

The pantheism of Hegel is disguised under "The Eternal and Absolute Idea," the basis of its own and all other existence, and occasionally termed by him the Divine Being. That of Schelling is the "Infinite Nature which conjoins the Ego and Non-Ego," a universal spirit binding in one the essential unity of the whole.

Berkeley's pantheism is "An all-pervading and Supreme Reason, theologically called God, in which we live and move and have our being." That of Hamilton is "An entity related to time, space, and phenomena, not as a link in the series, but as the ground of the whole."

Enough has been quoted to show that the pantheistic sub-strata, of the weightiest of modern philosophy, is the acknowledgment of a power all embracing, all animating, all intelligent, in all, through all, indivisible, and self-existing.

It now remains to be seen to what extent the poetry of this century coincides with the pantheistic philosophy thus briefly recapitulated.

Commencing with Wordsworth (whose ready perception of those analogies which unite the natural with the

spiritual, compels him, in spite of his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," to pantheistic conclusions), we shall find evidence as direct as it is copious. Thus the muse:—

. I have learned
 To look on nature
 And have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with joy
 Of elevated thoughts

Still more specific are the lines—

The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves ;

and which in the following passage has grown into a definite creed :—

. . . . Therefore, I am still
 . . Well pleased to recognise . . In nature
 The anchor of my purest thoughts—and soul
 Of all my moral being.

His was the contemplative imagination which saw and felt the subtle interfusion of the finite and the infinite, which Berkeley evolved into a philosophy and Hegel idealised into a doctrine. He writes—

He felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ;
The presence of Nature in the sky
And on the earth ; the Vision of the hills,
And souls of lonely places.

And further—

. . . O Nature! thou hast fed
My lofty speculations; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

The mind of Shelley was so steeped with an etherealised pantheism that some knowledge of transcendental philosophy is necessary before one can intelligently read such of his poems as "The Revolt of Islam," or "Prometheus

Unbound." To him external nature was little more than a phantasm, the real with which he had rapport was the—

Spirit of Nature ! thou
Life of interminable multitudes ;
Soul of those mighty spheres
Whose changeless paths thro' heaven's deep silence lie.

The all-permeating presence of the same spirit he describes in "The Demon of the World," thus :—

. . . Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze
. . . Is less instinct with thee.

And again, in "Queen Mab":—

The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
Alike in every human heart.

The pantheistic belief of Keats is closely allied to that of Shelley ; in fact, those quiet graves which, beneath the shadow of the marble pyramid of Gaius Cestius, hold the dust of the two immortal singers are not nearer in point of contact than was the faith of each of them, in the spirit of beauty and truth, as an actual existence.

The ideality of Keats was so rarified that he considered "the reason's colder part" too gross an instrument for the detection of the finer influences of the spirit. He asks—

. . . . Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy ?

Nay, more—

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.

Yet, when carefully analysed, his intuitive convictions will be found to be synonymous with the ontological pantheism of the two most advanced philosophers of his own generation, Lotze and Hartmann, the former of whom asserts that there is one infinite real being, within which all things are enabled to act and re-act upon each other.

In agreement with this philosophical statement, Keats declares—

. . . . There's not a breath,
Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
Till it has panted round and stolen a share
Of passion from the heart.

And in the same poem, "Endymion," he continues—

. . . . But who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?

Here the imagination of Keats, purified from its grosser elements, pulsates in unison with an idealised nature refined to its uttermost. His delicate sensibility to the soul whisperings of externalities is apparent in his reply to the query—

Wherein lies happiness? In that which beck
Our ready minds to fellowship divine—
A fellowship with essence; till we shine
Full alchemized, and free of space.

Returning for a moment to Shelley, we find he has a similar question and answer passage, dealing with the same impalpable presence in Nature:—

What is heaven? and what are ye
Who its brief expanse inherit?
What are suns and spheres which flee
With the instinct of that spirit
Of which ye are but a part,
Drops which Nature's mighty heart
Drives through thinnest veins.

We must not omit the well-known speculation in Coleridge:—

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each, and God of all?

The last source from which we shall cull our illustrations of pantheistic doctrine in proof of the agreement of poetic pronouncement and philosophic theory, is Tennyson:—

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns!

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

And this:—

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul.

And:—

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less;

Tho' mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

So we close with the singer whose great heart beat in sympathetic unison with all that is most intense in human hopes and despairs, whose deep philosophic insight into the mystery of being, and whose persistent effort to embody in melodious language the high truths he realised, have contributed so much towards the enriching and ennobling of all modern poetry and philosophy.

In conclusion, we feel deeply conscious of the fragmentary character of this attempt to prove the concomitance of poetry and philosophy, but we are not without hope that sufficient evidence has been adduced to justify, at least, a *locus standi* for the position we have assumed,

which, in a brief and final sentence, is, that all abstract truth, whether reasoned out by a chain of philosophic sequences or attained by a single sweep of poetic imagination, is but the same truth, and the concomitance is neither accidental nor wonderful, but is the orderly and natural result of exceptional intellectual endowment, differing not in kind but only in its methods of operation.





DE QUINCEY AND J. F. FERRIER.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

WHEN, in 1852, Mr. James Frederick Ferrier, then Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews, was a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh he was recommended by no less an authority than the English Opium Eater. Probably no man but Thomas de Quincey would or could have written such a testimonial, for instead of being a mere personal tribute it is an elaborate essay on Ferrier's position in the world of philosophy. Mr. J. R. Findlay has truly described it as "a disquisition in the form of a testimonial." It is remarkable that this highly interesting disquisition has not been included in the collected writings of the Opium Eater.

James Frederick Ferrier was born June 16th, 1808, at Edinburgh, where his father was a Writer to the Signet. His mother was a sister of "Christopher North," and his father's sister was Miss Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, the novelist, and friend of Scott, Macaulay, Mackintosh, and Curran. The youth was educated, first by the Rev.

Henry Duncan of Ruthwell, the originator of Savings Banks, and afterwards at the famous High School of Edinburgh. Then he went to Greenwich under Dr. Charles Parr Burney, and after two sessions at Edinburgh University migrated to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his B.A., in 1831, and made the acquaintance of Sir William Hamilton, under whose influence his taste for metaphysics developed. He spent part of 1834 at Heidelberg in the study of German philosophy, and in 1837 he married his cousin, the daughter of Professor John Wilson. His family associations brought him into contact with literature. At Elleray he met Scott, Wordsworth, and Canning, and was a fellow passenger with the Magician of the North on the last sorrowful journey from Leith to London. Ferrier's contributions to "Blackwood" included, in addition to philosophical essays, a translation from Tieck, and an appreciative notice of the young poetess who is now known to fame as Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In 1842 he was appointed Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh, and in 1845 he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy at St. Andrews. This post he retained until his death in 1864. Twice he endeavoured to return to Edinburgh. Once, when by the death of his father-in-law the Chair of Moral Philosophy became vacant, and again in 1856, when he desired to be the successor of Sir William Hamilton as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. The duties of the latter office he had discharged during Sir William's illness in 1844-5. On both occasions he was unsuccessful.

In what way De Quincey was made aware that Ferrier would value a testimonial in support of his candidature we do not know, but apparently the essay—for such it is—was not seen by him until it was in print. A copy of it

exists in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and reads as follows:—

Mr. Ferrier, the present Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, having become a Candidate for the Edinburgh Chair of Moral Philosophy, has persuaded himself that he might derive some benefit from my testimony to those shining qualifications in himself, natural and acquired, which recommend him so signally to that distinguished office. I should be happy to think it possible that Mr. Ferrier had not greatly overrated my influence; but, at any rate, I will act as if I really *had* the influence which he ascribes to me, very much preferring the imputation of too credulous a vanity to the counter-imputation of slackness or want of cordiality in offering my private expression of sympathy and kind wishes, under circumstances which give to that expression the character of a public duty. For a duty I esteem it to contribute, though but by the most shadowy of efforts, to the placing of Mr. Ferrier in any conspicuous station that should connect him with the philosophic interests of the nation. Frankly, therefore, I will state my opinion upon this question of Mr. Ferrier's pretensions to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy; what that opinion is, and upon what grounds resting. As the nephew of Professor Wilson, Mr. Ferrier was naturally known to me at all stages of his life, and our acquaintance was interrupted only by my own irregularity in visiting Edinburgh. About the age of nineteen or twenty I believe it was that he first awakened a special interest amongst the friends of his family as one who was endowed with great intellectual gifts. My own judgements upon his extraordinary powers were built originally upon conversations in which he had borne a part, and most of all upon his casual contributions to general conversations which had moved originally under no impulse of *his*, and which, obeying the flux and reflux of other minds sometimes in a state of excitement, could not be guided by any art, or by any collusion in a friend, into channels that favoured his particular means of display. During the same period of years I had the opportunities of reading papers of his inserted in *Blackwood*. In particular, some of the best comments I have ever seen, upon the initial movements of the Cartesian Philosophy were his. Neither have I ever seen so effectual an exposition of "Berkeley's Idealism" as in a paper of his published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1842. It had all the effect of what architects understand by a "restoration." The supposed obviousness, again, of the distinction between matter and spirit was noticed by him in his "Philosophy of Consciousness,"* in a way that should have led to deeper results. More recently, Mr. Ferrier's originality of speculation in Metaphysics, and the vigour of logic with which he develops his views, were brought before me very impressively in a correspondence with which he favoured me. And universally, I ought to add by the way, these writings of Mr. Ferrier, so remarkable for their Græco-German subtlety, drew no privilege of careless style from the weight of their matter, but, on

* See *Blackwood* for April, 1838.

the contrary, were distinguished by the felicitous beauty of their illustrations, and the precision of the language. These merits were not likely to be lost upon myself, who have at all periods of my life carried to an excess (if excess were possible) the culture of my mother tongue.

With these multiplied claims on the admiration of scholars and philosophers—claims in right of his originality and subtle analysis on the one side, and on the other in right of the beautiful interpretation which he everywhere gave to his own views—it may be supposed that Mr. Ferrier could not, to myself, be otherwise than the object of an unintermitting interest. And, accordingly, to all my own friends, I was in the habit of saying for years that, out of Germany, and comparing him with the men of his own generation—such, at least, as I had any means of estimating—Mr. Ferrier was the only man who exhibited much of true metaphysical subtlety, as contrasted with mere dialectical acuteness. This opinion of mine was shared by many of my own acquaintances; and amongst them, judging from his ordinary tone in speaking of Mr. Ferrier, by my intimate friend, Mr. Lushington, the Greek Professor at Glasgow, whom I single out by name from many others thinking in the same direction; because, amongst all the men having leisure, presumably for the study of German philosophy and German literature, he, who might be supposed to have very little leisure indeed for such pursuits, considering the weight of his professional engagements, is in that field not only the most extensively but also the most accurately informed man that I happen to know next after Sir William Hamilton.

Having thus delivered my own impressions as to Mr. Ferrier, founded upon more grounds than in a moment of hurry I am able to assign, it may seem a perverse mode of reasoning to insist upon the *promises* of excellence involved in the accidents of his education. After saying of a man—such he *is*, then to persist in showing that such, according to all the probabilities of the case, he *ought* to be—after giving the absolute results of experience, to argue that upon *a priori* principles such results might in past years have been looked for—seems, in the original sense of the word, *preposterous*—an inversion, that is to say, of all natural order. But, in reality, the order of thinking is here not absurd. The facts of the case, the absolute results, stand first in value. These could not be set aside by any indications or tendencies whatever, pointing to an opposite conclusion. No presumptions could be allowed any weight at all against a known matter of fact. But, on the other hand, it would much fortify to any man his own reliance upon what had seemed the truth, and upon his own interpretation of this truth, if subsequently it should come to light that chance and choice had thrown Mr. Ferrier into advantages of position which tended systematically to those particular results which had previously been noticed as facts. Every man's private impressions have an internal truth for himself—are self-lighted by an evidence which cannot be transferred to another. The inalienable imperfection of this evidence, which shines in secret so brightly, is its incommunicability. It becomes, therefore, a matter of anxiety to each of us, that what he has read for himself, in modes of evidence that are not in their nature transferable, should be repeated in other forms of

evidence or presumption that may be universally legible. We, that had known Mr. Ferrier early, read in that knowledge auguries of unusual philosophic power—naturally it strengthened our confidence in those auguries, whilst also it made them communicable to others who had *not* known him, that they corresponded generally to the peculiar advantages which he had enjoyed. What *were* they? In the last generation I remember the case of a distinguished young man—distinguished for birth, for talent, and for flightiness, who, before he reached the age of twenty-five, had bought and sold some half-score of large libraries, moulting and renewing that sort of scholar's plumage almost periodically at spring and fall, whilst the story ran that he had studied at fourteen separate universities. His enemies, on hearing this, began to fear that, on coming back amongst them, he would turn out fourteen times as learned as other people, and that it might cost a man fourteen times as much logic to get the better of him. But somebody remembered the jest of the Roman Proconsul, who, being threatened with the wrath of King Antiochus, backed by an army of infantry and cavalry, equipped in twenty different modes, and of elephants besides, replied drily, that his own dinner-table was covered at that moment with twenty different dishes, yet all were varieties in masquerade of one and the same bird, which after all might have a white liver; and that the King's army, let it comprise what varieties it might, must, however, still depend for its base upon effeminate Syrians. In this case the fourteen universities were found to be all German, which (as repeating each other essentially) were held to count only for one. *There* was the show of variety without the reality. But, in Mr. Ferrier's case, the reality existed without the show. First of all, at Oxford, was laid the basis of a classic education, combined with a training rigorously scholastic. Next, by a bold transition, though already beginning to be not unusual at Oxford, came a sudden leap, self-suggested, *proprio motu*, into the ocean of German philosophy and literature, on which occasion he showed the thoughtfulness of his reading by correcting several important errors in *all* the English translations of the "Faust"—errors which would be falsely estimated by their merely literal inaccuracy, since they also disturbed the vital sense and poetic purpose of Goethe. Then followed, I believe, his travels in Germany; and next, his connection with Sir William Hamilton—first as a pupil, afterwards as a colleague, during Sir William's illness. During all this time his connection had been unintermitting with the family of his uncle, Professor Wilson, and was finally sealed by his marriage with the Professor's eldest daughter. Here, then, arose two separate educations, differing as widely as can be imagined, but perhaps integrating each other; since, if either tended to impress an undue bias in a special direction, the other, by a counter-bias, tended to redress the equilibrium. Moral philosophy, in the large and popular use of that term amongst the Scotch, offers so immeasurable an expanse that two people may easily wander there for a whole life and never happen to meet. Even a single section of moral philosophy under this Scottish sense—viz., what Coleridge calls "the holy jungle" of Metaphysics is vast enough to yield such an infinite range to the hunters, without fear of exhausting the game, or the necessity of collision. Upon lines of approach, how different did Professor Wilson and Sir William

Hamilton enter upon these mighty forests! Sir William, along the thorny paths and through the narrow gates of Logic and pure Ontology—gradually allying themselves with Anthropology, and with Physiology in its very widest sense. On the other hand, the first approaches of Professor Wilson were through the general science of Human Nature, of Ethics, and of Psychology. On this route Mr. Ferrier benefited by the immense familiarity of the Professor with the noblest revelations of poetry and impassioned literature. Here, if any were wanted, would arise a check upon the tendency to too severe a scholasticism, which, perhaps, is a danger that besieges the very conditions of existence to a philosophy so multitudinous in its details and so polemical as that of Sir William Hamilton. We no longer say *Ornari res ipsa negat*—the thing by its very nature refuses ornament—for often it would not refuse it; but the multiplication of the thing, the mere infinity of the objects, refuses ornament by refusing the time for it. As a double education opened on Mr. Ferrier in the separate advantages of those who were his earliest guides, so again, with respect to the systems of German philosophy, a third education arose in the advantage that he read it no longer of necessity through the colouring of a German atmosphere. On the one side, it was for Mr. Ferrier an incalculable benefit that he was introduced, as if suddenly stepping into an inheritance, to a German Philosophy refracted through an alien Scottish medium. For Scotland, on the other side, it would be a benefit of corresponding value, that now—that at this crisis—that at the opening of a new era, when railroads will bring to universities critical auditors of a new class—countrymen of Kant, Schelling, and Hegel—the supreme chair of Philosophy should be filled by one who has such a mastery of the Continental philosophies as at once qualifies him for appropriating their uses, and for the task (now becoming even more important) of disarming their evil tendencies. The audacity of German speculation, in what regards religious truth, is notorious to all Europe. For some reason, it is not checked in Germany by any effectual control on the part of public opinion. This makes it the more necessary that a virtual censorship should be exercised by Professors at home, in dealing either with the results or the processes of systems often so dangerously tainted with evil suggestions. Mr. Ferrier's qualifications for doing that service, and his disposition to do it effectually, are known to those amongst us who enjoy his familiar friendship, or who have benefited by his public instructions.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

This was not the first time De Quincey had expressed his high opinion of Ferrier, for in an essay, printed in 1850, he styled him "one of the subtlest intellects in modern speculation." A letter, in acknowledgment of the testimonial, runs:—

"St. Andrews, 22nd May, 1852.

"My dear Sir,—Mr. Blackwood has just favoured me with a proof of your testimonial. It goes so far beyond what I am entitled to on account of my

actual performances, and at the same time touches with such nice discrimination on the points in which I have endeavoured to excel, that I scarcely know whether I ought to despair of ever justifying such glowing commendations, and of approximating so high a standard, or whether I ought to accept them as a cheering stimulus to further exertions, and as an augury of metaphysical victories which I may, perhaps, yet live to achieve. Let me take the more hopeful view, and as some very small return for the great kindness and honour you have done me, let me lay before you a slight chart of the speculative latitudes which I have reached, and which I expect to navigate, without being wrecked. "The Theory of *Knowing* and *Being*" (and all metaphysical centres in these two words), which I hope to publish soon, is a system which, like a telescope, shuts up as short, and pulls out as long, as one pleases. We shall now shut it up very short, yet even in that state we may, perhaps, get a glimpse of the heavens through it.

The speculation is threefold. First, the theory of *Knowing* (epistemology); secondly, the theory of *Ignorance* (agniology); thirdly, the theory of *Being* (ontology). The theory of ignorance is that which merits most attention, if not on its own account, at any rate on account of its consequences. It seems to me to be an entire *novelty* in physiology. Here, so far as I can learn, I have absolutely no precursor. Many a time and oft have philosophers inquired into the nature of Knowledge, but who has investigated the nature of Ignorance?

Let us begin with the second part of the system. There are *two* kinds of ignorance; but only *one* of these is *ignorance*, properly so-called. There is, *first*, an ignorance which is incident to some minds as compared with others, but not necessarily incident to *all* minds. Such ignorance is a defect, an imperfection. A Hottentot is ignorant of geometry; a Frenchman knows it. This kind of ignorance *is* ignorance. But, secondly, there is a kind of ignorance or nescience which is of necessity incident to *all* intelligence *by its very nature*, and which is no defect, or imperfection, or limitation, but rather a perfection. For example, it is impossible for any mind to know that two straight lines enclose a space, or to know the *opposite* of any of the mathematical axioms. Shall we say, then, that we are ignorant of these? That would be absurd. No man can be ignorant that two and two *make five*; for this is a thing *not to be known* on any terms or by any mind. This fixes the law of ignorance, which is, that "we can be ignorant only of what can (possibly) be known," or, in barbarous locution, "*the knowable alone is the ignorable.*"

What, then, is the knowable alone, *the only possible knowable*? Because, if we can fix this, we shall also fix the only ignorable, or that alone which we can be ignorant of. The Epistemology answers this question, and fixes *thing-mecum, object plus subject, matter plus mind*, as the only knowable. Along with whatever I apprehend (infinitely diversified though the things may be), I *must* apprehend *me*. And every intelligence must do the same; it must always apprehend *itself* along with the thing, whatever the thing may be. What I apprehend is never "things," but always "me-apprehending-things." An objection must here be obviated. How do we come to overlook ourselves

so completely as we usually do when apprehending things? *Answer*: The law of familiarity fully accounts for this.) *Thing* or things-plus-me, is thus fixed as the only knowable, and the knowable alone having been fixed as that which we can be ignorant of, it follows that thing or things-plus (another)-me, is what alone we can be ignorant of. (The nature of the synthesis indicated by the plus cannot here be touched upon.)

But what becomes of "thing minus me," "object by itself," "matter *per se*;" Kant's "Ding an sich"? "It is," says Kant, "that of which we are ignorant." Nay, that is precisely the point where he and all other philosophers have gone astray, have stumbled and broken their noses. It is *not* that which we are ignorant of, because it is not that which can possibly be known by any intelligence on any terms. To know thing *per se* or *sine me*, is as impossible and contradictory as it is to know two straight lines enclosing a space; because mind by its very law and nature must know the thing *cum also*, i.e., along with *itself* knowing it. Therefore it is just as impossible for us to be ignorant of matter *per se*, thing *minus me*, *ding an sich*, as it is impossible for us to know this.

The difference, you perceive, between this and every other system, is that while every other system refers our nescience of matter *per se* to a defect or limitation in our cognitive faculties, and thus represents us as ignorant of matter *per se* in the proper sense of the word *ignorant*, this system refers our nescience of matter *per se* to the very nature of constitution of *all* reason, refers it to a necessary law which is the very perfection and essence of *all* intelligence, supernal, terrestrial, and infernal, and thus represents us as not ignorant of matter *per se* in any proper and intelligible sense of the word *ignorant*.

Now for a glimpse of the ontology. No ontology was possible so long as our ignorance of matter *per se* was admitted. Because in answer to the question, What is real and absolute Being? one man might say, It is that which we know; it is *object plus subject*; it is the universe-*mecum*. But another man might answer, It is that which we are ignorant of. In which case it would be quite possible for real and absolute Being to be matter *per se*, this being what, in our present supposition, we are ignorant of; in short, no conclusion but an uncertain or alternative conclusion could be reached, and there is no *science* in an alternative conclusion. But once exclude matter *per se* from the pale both of our knowledge and of our ignorance, and an ontology becomes, for the first time, possible. Because in answer to the question, What is real and absolute Being? we must either reply, It is that which we know, in which case it will be *object plus subject*, because this is the only Knowable; or we must reply, It is that which we are ignorant of, in which case, also, it will be *object plus subject*; because, it having been proved that we can be ignorant only of the Knowable, and it having also been proved that the only knowable is *object plus subject*, it follows that the only ignorable (the only thing we can be ignorant of) is *object plus subject*. This, then, is the *δυνως δν*, the unit or *minimum*, out of ourselves, of our completed ignorance (as it is, in ourselves, of our completed knowledge), a (to us) unknown subject, or intelli-

gence, or ego in a (to us) unknown synthesis with (to us) unknown things. But you must not judge of the system from these abrupt and ineffectual jottings. It will not shut up so short as I anticipated—Very truly yours,

Thomas de Quincey, Esq.

J. F. FERRIER.

On one of Findlay's visits to the Opium Eater, in 1854 he mentioned Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysic," then just published. "De Quincey said he had the highest possible opinion of Ferrier's powers of thinking; but that he could not from Ferrier's letters comprehend his system, and was anxious to see his book, in the hope that it would make the matter clearer."

Professor Ferrier led the life of a student, and was almost a recluse. He had the confidence of his colleagues and the affection of his students. He was attacked by *angina pectoris* in November, 1861, and a large apartment in his house was fitted up as a lecture-room. His health never fully recovered, and he died June 11, 1864. His "Philosophical Works," from which the above letter is taken, were collected in three volumes, containing "Institutes of Metaphysic," "Lectures on Greek Philosophy," and "Philosophical Remains." They were edited by his son-in-law, Sir Alexander Grant, and Professor E. L. Lushington.

The correspondence between De Quincey and Ferrier, to which the Opium Eater alludes, has not been printed, but, if it is still in existence, would be welcome to students of philosophy.





THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND.

BY GEO. A. SHAW.

AT the time when we first hear of the British Arthur, the Celts had been passing through that period of destructive strife and turmoil and continuous fighting against Saxons, Picts, and Scots which succeeded the Roman evacuation of Britain. It is as a Celtic warrior taking a prominent part in these conflicts that he is portrayed by Nennius in his "*Historia Britonum*," a Latin manuscript of the ninth century. In this, the earliest account of the British hero, Arthur wears a garb very different from that with which the nineteenth century reader is familiar. Here he is not *King* Arthur, but Arthur, a leader of the British forces acting for the Kings of Britain. He is not recorded as a ruler, but as a "*dux belli*," not as a sovereign of mystical birth, but as a "*plain blunt man*" who leads the ancient Britons to victory.

True, his actions seem much exaggerated, but this is due not to his possessing any superhuman power, but to the general tendency of the superstitious and barbarous people of that time to multiply and enlarge the actual facts.

Thus Nennius recounts the battles in which our hero took part:—"Then it was that the magnanimous Arthur,

with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and as often conqueror." In Arthur's last engagement, Nennius adds, "nine hundred and forty* fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance." Beyond this brief account nothing further is related of him, but it is important as it gives Arthur to us in his true character as a British warrior; and it was not until after the Norman conquest that he assumed a kingly character, and became the hero of the Arthurian cycle. The knights and the Holy Graal had not yet been introduced into the story, and Queen Guinivere had not come upon the scene to inspire the chivalrous Lancelot with the illicit love which proved the downfall of Arthur and all his court.

Passing over a barren space of two to three hundred years, we come to a period which may well be called the birthday of the Arthurian legend, for it was during the latter half of the twelfth century that the simple and meagre account of Nennius became elaborated, and formed that mighty tree of romance whose widely spreading branches now shelter poetic thought, chivalrous idea, and moral observation.

About the year 1147 Geoffrey of Monmouth produced his "History of the Britons." This, he stated, was a translation of an early Celtic manuscript which Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany. Geoffrey, who was a Welsh priest, and afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, undertook its translation. The history opens with a genealogical table, tracing with the greatest exactitude the descent of the British

* Samson slew 1,000 Philistines.

kings from Brut, great-grandson of Æneas, without a break, through King Arthur to Cadwallo, who died in 689 A.D. This is the first mention of Arthur as a king, and in the following account Merlin is also introduced into the story: King Vortigern, being repulsed by Hengist in 450 A.D., and not knowing how to defend himself, calls his magicians together, and seeks their advice. They inform him that he must build a very strong tower. The builders commence, but as much as is built during the day is swallowed up during the night. Another consultation is arranged, and Vortigern is told that he must find a youth who had been brought into the world without the assistance of paternal agency and kill him and sprinkle the stones with his blood. Messengers are sent out in search of such a youth, and one, Merlin, is found who seems to answer the required description. Merlin and his mother, who was the daughter of the King of Demetia, are brought before Vortigern, who inquires, in a respectful manner, who was the father of her child. She replies as follows:—

“My sovereign lord, by the light of your soul and mine, I know of nobody, who begot him of me. Only this I know, that as I was once with my companions in our chambers there appeared unto me a person in the shape of a most beautiful young man, who often embraced me eagerly in his arms and kissed me, and when he had stayed a little time he suddenly vanished out of my sight. But many times after this he would talk with me when I sat alone without making any visible appearance. When he had a long time haunted me in this manner he at last lay with me several times in the shape of a man and left me with child. And I do affirm to you, my sovereign lord, that, excepting that young man, I know nobody that begot him of me.”

The king, full of admiration at this account, asks the opinion of his principal adviser, who says :—

“In the books of our philosophers, and in a great many histories, I have found several men who have had a like original. For, between the moon and the earth are those spirits which we call incubuses. They are of the nature partly of men and partly of angels and whenever they please assume human shape and lie with women. Perhaps one of them appeared to this woman, and begot that young man of her.”

The king tells Merlin the reason of his presence there, and Merlin suggests that the true cause of the failures is that under the foundation is a deep pool in which dwell two dragons, which must be caught and slain. Under Merlin's guidance this is done and the tower successfully built. The king is vastly pleased. “Nor were the rest that were present less amazed at his wisdom, thinking it to be no less than divine inspiration.”

The practice of sacrificing human life when laying the foundation of a building seems to have occurred on several occasions, and it is interesting to find a similar event in the legend of St. Oran of Iona. By the working of evil spirits the walls of a church which St. Columba was building, in the sixth century, fell down, and it was pronounced that they could never be permanent till a human victim was buried alive. Oran, a companion of the Saint, offered himself and was accordingly interred. At the end of three days Columba had the curiosity to take a farewell look at his old friend and caused the earth to be removed. To the surprise of all beholders Oran stood up and began to reveal the secrets of his prison-house, and particularly declared that what was said about hell was a mere joke. This dangerous impiety so shocked

Columba that with great policy he instantly ordered the earth to be thrown in again. Poor Oran was overwhelmed and an end for ever put to his prating.*

Merlin lives through the reigns of several kings, one of whom secures his services to remove the "Giant's Dance" from Ireland and erect the stones over the sepulchres of the warriors slain by the Saxons, on Salisbury Plain.

The next character that interests us in Geoffrey's *Chronicles* is King Uther Pendragon. King Uther unfortunately falls in love with Igera, wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall. Gorlois becomes aware of the intrigue and imprisons his wife in Tintagil Castle, but Merlin changes King Uther into a likeness of Gorlois, and he proceeds to Tintagil and is admitted.

"Of this amour was born the most renowned Arthur, whose heroic and wonderful actions have justly rendered his name famous to posterity."

The child is taken charge of by Merlin, and on the death of Uther is taken before an assemblage of barons at Silchester and declared Uther's son and King of Britain, at fifteen years of age. He conducts many wars and does many valiant deeds, in which his mystical sword "Caliburn" plays a conspicuous part. He invades Scotland and fights and conquers the Picts and Scots at Lake Lomond.

"This lake," Geoffrey says, "contains sixty islands and receives sixty rivers into it which empty themselves into the sea by no more than one mouth." The enemy take refuge on the islands, and Arthur gets together a fleet and sails round the rivers and besieges the enemy for fifteen days, so that thousands die from hunger. He restores York, conquers Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine, and Gaul, and secures many victories against the Romans. He holds his court in

* Pennant's "Second Tour in Scotland."

Paris, and returns to Britain to find that his nephew, Modred, has usurped his throne and outraged his queen.

Arthur thereupon wages war against Modred, and kills him in a battle at Winchester. Arthur is mortally wounded and is carried to the Isle of Avallon to be healed. Here he died and Constantine, son of Cador, Duke of Cornwall, reigned in his stead.

That this work should ever have been considered as authentic history does not say very much for our ancestors of the twelfth century. It is so full of mythical romance and unadulterated fiction that from a historical point of view it must be entirely discarded. It is probable that Geoffrey never intended his book to be read seriously, but as a romance, and as such it contains much to be admired and its boldness of conception and originality of idea mark an epoch in the history of English literature. His closing words are addressed to more exact historians of his time, and he advises them "to be silent about the kings of Britain, since they have not that book which Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany." This mysterious manuscript to which Geoffrey sarcastically alludes, has never been found, neither is there any copy or record whatsoever in existence. Upon it he attempted to father his most ingenious chronology of British Kings, whose reigns fit in with each other with a precision which speaks more for his invention than for his veracity. William of Newbury, writing in the next generation, says: "How saucily and how shamelessly he lies almost throughout. As in all things we trust Bede, whose wisdom and sincerity are beyond doubt, so that fabler with his fables shall be straightway spat out by us all." Nevertheless, the work stirred men's imaginations and gave to us King Arthur as a recognised hero of romance. Shortly after its appearance it was reproduced

by Wace as a French metrical romance of over 15,000 lines, containing many fresh legends imported from Brittany.

Associated with Geoffrey of Monmouth in his later years was Walter Map, who succeeded Walter Calenius as Archdeacon of Oxford. He was a man of poetical and romantic temperament and an enthusiastic admirer of Geoffrey, and it was at the latter's instigation that he undertook to write a series of romances of King Arthur. To him we owe the spiritual character of the legends, for he was the first to weave into the hitherto merely animal life of our national hero the spirit of Christianity and chivalry. His first romance was the "Holy Graal," sometimes called the "Romance of Joseph of Arimathea," written about 1175 or 1176. According to this legend the Graal was the Holy Dish which contained the Paschal Lamb at the Last Supper. It was afterwards used by Joseph of Arimathea to catch the blood at the Crucifixion, and preserved by him during his forty-two years' imprisonment in Jerusalem. On his release by Vespasian he travelled through France and brought the Graal to Britain, where it was deposited with one of the kings of the island for safe-keeping.

Then followed the "Romance of Merlin," and the "Romance of Lancelot of the Lake," which describes the intrigue of that knight with Gwenhaver or Guinivere. This was the introduction of the Queen, the Knights, and the Holy Graal into the Arthurian cycle. Next in the series is the "Quest of the San Graal," and in it we are introduced to Lancelot's son, the pure Sir Galahad, who alone is successful in his search for the Graal. Bishop Joseph, son and namesake of Joseph of Arimathea, here institutes the order of the Round Table, at which the initiated sit as apostle knights with the Holy

Ghost or Graal in the centre. One seat only was left vacant as that which the Lord had occupied, and this was reserved for Sir Galahad. It was the Seat Perilous and whatsoever impure man sat in it was swallowed by the earth. Completing Map's series was the "Mort Artus." King Arthur having been wounded in his last fight against the Saxons is carried to the edge of a lake into which his sword Caliburn is hurled. A bark approaches the shore, and Arthur is transferred to its deck. In it he is carried to the Isle of Avallon, in fairyland, where he is to be cured of his wounds and reign in splendour until such time as he shall return to rule over his people, whose battles he fought and whose cause he championed in the days of his court at Caerleon-upon-Usk.

Walter Map roused a spirit of enthusiasm in romance writers of almost all Continental countries and before the close of the twelfth century much had been added to the literature of England's hero.

In 1180, Christien of Troys wrote "Eric and Enid," and produced metrical romances of Map's Graal and Lancelot stories. These were quickly followed by Wolfram's "Parzival," a romance in German. Wolfram follows Map's story of the Graal very closely and, taking the Holy Graal as symbolic of the Divinity, he describes the soul of a man striving after eternal life, straying from the path of righteousness which is set before him, and finally in deep humility attaining the long-desired end.

Up to this time almost all writing in England had been in either Latin or French, but about this period English writers arose, one of the earliest of whom was Layamon, a priest. Living in Worcestershire at a time when Arthurian romances in Latin and French were in great favour amongst the educated and courtly, "it came to him in mind and in his chief thought" that he would tell Arthur's

story in the language of his own people. So, having traversed the country for materials for his work, and having secured many manuscripts, "Layamon laid down those books and turned the leaves; he beheld them lovingly; may the Lord be merciful to him. Pen he took with fingers and wrote a book skin." In 1205 he had completed the first great English poem, "Brut." It consists of 30,000 lines, and contains in addition to the incidents given in Geoffrey of Monmouth and Walter Map, many details enriching the Arthurian romances.

Commencing in the reign of King Vortigern, Layamon describes the building of Vortigern's tower, the finding of Merlin, the bringing of Stonehenge from Ireland, and the amorous relations of King Uther with Igera at Tintagil Castle, culminating in the birth of Arthur. As soon as Arthur was brought into the world Layamon tells us that he was taken by the elves, and "One gave him to be the best of knights, another gave him to be a rich king, another gave him a long life; another gave him virtues, so that he was the most generous of men. This the elves gave, and the child throve." King Uther was poisoned by the Saxons, and Arthur was proclaimed king. Then Arthur marched into Cornwall and found a maid whom he loved well, Wenhaver by name. Arthur took her to wife and loved her wondrously. Poets sang of the deeds of Arthur the King. Wide and far his people prospered, all that he saw submitted to him, and there was no poor man in Britain. For twelve years after this he dwelt in peace.

None fought with him, nor made he strife with any.
In no land could man's thought imagine bliss,
More than was here with Arthur and his people.

On a Yule-day, when Arthur sat in London, and there were with him men of all his kingdoms, trumpets were

blown, tables were spread, and Arthur sat by Wenhaver his queen, and meat was served. But the men became angry, blows were rife, they threw the loaves whilst they lasted, then the silver bowls, and then fought neck to neck, and then with knives from the table. Then came the King with a hundred knights in helms and war shirts and seized the man who began the contest, and put a withy about his neck, and drew him to a moor and buried him in the mud. Then said the King: "Take the men of his kindred and strike off their heads, and take the women of his kindred and cut off their noses, and let their beauty die." Then the trumpets were again blown merrily and the feast proceeded for seven days and the people were in great joy.

Whilst in Cornwall the King came upon a craftsman who greeted him as follows:—

"I know of wondrous crafts of carpentry. I heard of the fight of knights at thy board for pride of place when all should be within. But I will make a fair table at which sixteen hundred may sit, so that none be without. And when thou ridest thou may'st carry it and set it where thou wilt, and need'st never fear to the world's end a strife of knights, for there the high will be as the low." So timber was brought, and Arthur's Round Table was built in four weeks.

Arthur conquers, practically, the whole of Europe and on his return slays a fiendish giant, who had carried off a beautiful maiden, on Mount St. Michael in Brittany. This incident, by the way, is but another version of the stories of Perseus and Andromeda, and St. George and the Dragon. Whilst the King was abroad tidings were brought to him that his nephew, Modred, had usurped the throne of Britain and annexed his queen. Arthur vowed vengeance, and returned to England. In a battle on the

River Camel, Modred is slain and Arthur mortally wounded, "with fifteen wounds, in the least of them one could thrust two gloves."

Then came to him Constantine, who was Cador's son, and Arthur welcomed him and said—

I give thee here my kingdom, whilst thou livest
 Defend my Britons and maintain my laws.
 But I will fare to Avalon to Argante,
 Fairest of maidens, fairest elfin queen,
 And she will heal me of my wounds and make me whole
 With healing draughts. I will come again
 And dwell among my Britons with all joy.
 Even at the words there came in from the sea
 A little boat borne forward by the waves,
 Two women in it wondrously attired,
 And straightway bare Arthur to the boat,
 And softly laid him in and passed away.

In the middle of the fifteenth century the work of welding together the heterogeneous mass of Arthurian literature was undertaken by Sir Thomas Malory, who gathered together from various sources, but, as he himself states, chiefly from the French, the various stories and published them in a voluminous book, printed by Caxton at the Westminster Press. It is entitled, "The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur, of his Noble Knights of the Round Table, Their Marvellous Enquestes and Adventures. The Quest of the San Graal, and in the end Le Morte d'Arthur, with the dolorous deth and departing out of this world of them all."

Before Malory's time no effort in romantic English prose had been made on so large a scale, and although this book must be regarded rather as a compilation than as an original piece of work, still the greater portion of it must have been entirely re-written to secure a homogeneous production. It contains much that has but a fragile connection with the story, and many of the chapters appear to have no direct bearing on the subject. The result is,

that whilst presenting to us an encyclopædic collection of Arthurian legends, Malory fails to construct a connected story of Arthur's life. Whilst later writers may sometimes have drawn on the Welsh and other sources, it is essentially to Malory that they turn for their supply of materials, with perhaps an occasional hint from Geoffrey of Monmouth, this being especially true of Tennyson. Malory's work abounds in much that is ignoble and immoral, and according to the late poet laureate, "hovers between war and wantonness, and crownings and dethronements." But despite the frequency with which he treats of the sinful passion he honestly condemns it, and points his morals with force and ability.

The preface is an epitome of the contents and reveals the God-fearing and devout character of its author, he says:—

"Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. Exercise and follow virtue, by which we may come to good fame in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in Heaven. Amen."

The first of Malory's romances, for his work may be divided into several distinct narratives, is the history of the "San Graal" substantially as set forth by Walter Map. This legend, although having originally no connection with the Arthurian cycle, had by this time become indissolubly connected with it. The next narrative is the history of the prophet Merlin, based on the foundation of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Here are recounted and amplified the events of Arthur's reign. The third consists of the "Romance of Lancelot of the Lake," to some extent taken from the story by Walter

Map. It is devoted to the adventures of that knightly hero, and to his love for Queen Guinivere. This is followed by the Quest of the San Graal, in which Sir Perceval, Gawaine, Lancelot, and Galahad more particularly take part. The last is the Morte d'Arthur, upon which Tennyson founded his idyll "The Passing of Arthur." In this portion Lancelot's intrigue with the Queen leads to the war in which Arthur is mortally wounded, and thus concludes the history of his adventurous knights.

Of Malory's additions to the Arthurian romances many can be traced to the myths common to all Aryan countries. As an example of this we may take the sword incident as related by Malory at the crowning of Arthur. When Uther died and Arthur was brought forth by Merlin, all the bishops and earls were assembled on Christmas Eve "in the grettest church in London, but whether it were Powlis or not the French book maketh no mention." And when matins and first mass was done there was seen in the churchyard a great stone, four square, like unto a marble stone. And in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel, and therein stack a fair sword naked by the point, and letters thereon were written in gold about the sword that saiden thus, "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king borne of all England." Then the people marvelled and told it to the archbishops. Many knights attempted to draw the sword, but none were successful until Arthur tried, and to him it readily yielded. The barons were aggrieved and Arthur restored the sword to its original resting place, where it remained until Candlemas, when Arthur was again victorious, as also was he at the following Easter. Then were the people satisfied, and Arthur was crowned at Pentecost by the Archbishop of Canterbury. An almost

identical episode occurs in the Volsung Saga, but here the sword "Gram" is left for the strongest in the roof-tree of Volsung's hall, where it had been buried by Odin. In vain the guests attempt to withdraw it, but none are successful until Sigmund, Volsung's youngest son, essays the task and to him the roof-tree yields up its sacred charge. The Attic counterpart is be found in the story of Theseus who lifts the huge stone under which Aigeus has placed the magic sword Chrysaor and the sandals. Again, in the romance of Charlemagne and Roland the latter acquires his mystic sword Durandel under similar circumstances, and it was from one or other of these sources that Malory obtained the groundwork for this dramatic episode.

Speaking of Guinivere and her love for Lancelot, Malory expresses himself in words which for beauty and quaintness are unequalled in any other passage in the book:—

"And so it passed on from Candlemas until after Easter that the month of May was come, when every lusty herte beginneth to blossom and to bring forth fruit, for like as herbs and trees bringen forth fruit and flourish in May, so every lusty herte that is in any manner a lover springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds.

"Therefore like as May month flourisheth and floureth in many gardens, so in likewise let every man of worship flourish his heart in this world; first unto God and next unto the joy of them that he promiseth his faith to. But first reserve the honour to God, and secondly, the quarrel must come of the lady, and such I call virtuous love.

"But, now-a-days, men cannot love seven night, but they must have all their desires that love may not endure by reason for where they be soon accorded and hasty heat soon cooleth, right so fareth love now-a-days—soon hot, soon cold; this is no stability.

"But the old love was not so, then was love truth and faithfulness, and so in likewise was love used in King Arthur's days. Wherefore I liken love now-a-days unto summer and winter, for like as the one is hot and the other is cold, so fareth love now-a-days.

"Therefore all ye that be lovers, call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guinivere, for whom I make here little mention, for while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end."

Between 1469 and the latter part of the next century nothing new was added to Arthurian literature, perhaps because Malory's comprehensive collection made it difficult to break new ground in Arthur-land, or perhaps he was forgotten or considered an unworthy subject for the pen of the sixteenth century writer. Be that as it may, for one hundred years Arthur slept, and woke in 1590 to find himself the hero of Spenser's *Poetry and the Knight of the Faery Queen*. But, whilst taking the character and name of our hero, Spenser so altered the story that the original incidents of the legend are altogether lost. In an introductory letter Spenser says: "In the person of King Arthur I set forth 'Magnificence' in particular, for that is the perfection of all the rest and containeth in it them all: therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthur applyable to that virtue: but of the other twelve virtues I make twelve other knights the patrons for the more variety of the story."

About the same date Arthur made his first appearance on the stage, under the auspices and patronage of Queen Elizabeth and her Court at Greenwich. The author of this play, "*The Misfortunes of Arthur*," was one Thomas Hughes, a gentleman of Gray's Inn, by whose colleagues the play was performed.

Another attempt at dramatization was made by Dryden

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in 1691, when "King Arthur, or a British Hero," was produced. This was a dramatic opera of a very weak and feeble description. It relied upon its supernatural effects for what little popularity it enjoyed. Dryden excuses its shortcomings by saying that it was written for Charles II., and that circumstances prevented him making better use of the subject than he did.

Scott alludes to this in *Marmion* (Intro. to Canto i.)—

Dryden in immortal strain
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald king and court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength
And marred the lofty line.

The play was, however, re-arranged by David Garrick, and used for many years at Drury Lane. A few years after the publication of Dryden's drama, Sir Richard Blackmore, or the everlasting Blackmore, as Pope calls him, not from his fame but from his volubility, rushed in where Dryden feared to tread. Blackmore was an eminent physician of London, who left the dry details of medicine for the happy hunting-grounds of literature, and wrote an epic poem entitled "King Arthur." But, alas! the people who swallowed his physic did not seem to take kindly to his poetry. He was evidently a well-meaning man, who, though perhaps not able to save men by his medicine, thought that he could save poetry by his pen. "I was willing," he says, "to make one effort towards rescuing the muses out of the hands of those ravishers and restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to give to men the right and just conceptions of religion and virtue." The poem con-

sists of ten books, chiefly composed of amiable egotism, poor poetry, and pietistical prating. The rhythm is joltingly erratic, as is shown in the final couplet—

So by King Arthur's arms King Tollo slain
Fell down and lay extended on the plain.

The movement of the verse no doubt gave rise to Dryden's sneer.

At leisure hours in Epic song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coaches wheels.

And any one who attempts to read Blackmore's "King Arthur," will be at once struck with the probability of this.

In 1813, Sir Walter Scott took an idea from the grand old legend for an episode in the "Bridal of Triermain," one of his earliest rhymed romances. This, however, "is not so much an Arthurian poem as a poem containing an Arthurian episode, and even that is less an elaboration of the old tradition as a loose appendage." The wonder is that Scott did not utilize the Arthurian legends in some of his greater works.

About 1840 or 1850, Lady Charlotte Guest translated and published a collection of Silurian prose romances under the title of "The Mabinogion, or Welsh Tales for Children." The majority are taken from a fourteenth century manuscript, "The Red Book of Hergest," but Matthew Arnold, speaking of the antiquity of some of the stories, says in his "Essay on Celtic Literature:" "The first thing that strikes one about the Mabinogion is how evidently the mediæval story-teller is pillaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant building a hut on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history or knows by a glimmering tradition merely:—Stones not of this of building, but of a

older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestic." The stories recount the adventures of Arthur's Knights, and the Quest of the Holy Graal, and upon the one relating to "Geraint, the son of Erbin," Tennyson founded his idyll, "Geraint and Enid."

In 1848, Lord Lytton published an epic poem of "King Arthur," and since then we have had Matthew Arnold's "Tristram and Iseult," Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse," and Wm. Morris' "Defence of Guinevere," the latter being the most distinctly Arthurian, as it deals directly with two of the principal characters of the legend, namely, Lancelot and Guinevere.

The Arthurian cycle seems to have struck Tennyson with its beauties and capabilities at a very early period, and to have influenced his whole life. Thus, in 1832, "Sir Galahad" and the "Lady of Shallot" appeared, and from that date until as late as 1889, when he published "Merlin and the Gleam," Tennyson was more or less occupied in blending the Arthurian legends into a poetic whole. There can be no doubt that Tennyson had the intention, at all events in later years, of making the Idylls allegorical, for although in many of the earlier ones it is doubtful whether any secondary meaning is intended, in the Holy Graal, for instance, the symbolism is most apparent. The poet himself expressly points to this view of the poems.

. . . accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time
That hover'd between war and wantonness,
And crownings and dethronements.

Tennyson's Arthur is not therefore to be taken as the Arthur of Celtic legend, or of romantic history, but

as the personification of the spiritual principle or higher ideal of man in direct opposition to worldly sense or feeling. In the search for the Holy Graal man is represented as striving after a perfect life, but even the noble Lancelot must fail in his quest, for on his shield is the one great blot, his love for Guinivere. Tennyson has sometimes been described as a copyist, but though he has borrowed much from Malory, his borrowings are rarely verbal, and where they are, Malory's prose is to Tennyson's verse what "a diagram is to a picture." How closely Tennyson has followed Malory in his ideas and incidents can be seen by comparing Arthur's words to Sir Bedivere on the edge of the lake just before his "passing." In Malory Arthur addresses Sir Bedivere, "But unless thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee I shall slay thee with mine own hands." Tennyson keeps the sentiment, but gives the words new vigour—

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.

Again, in the same scene is a like resemblance and a like difference. "Syr," says Sir Bedivere in the prose, "I saw nothing but the waters lap and the waves wane." This in the poem becomes the couplet—

I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.

Later on, Sir Bedivere is tempted to keep Excalibur, and here again Tennyson takes the idea from Malory, but sets it in jewelled words. In Malory, Sir Bedivere "beheld that noble sword, where the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and said to himself, 'If I throw this ryche sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm, and loss.'" In Tennyson we read—

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery.

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud :
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth."

Much might be written of the pastoral beauty and chivalry of the "Marriage of Geraint," of the deep symbolism of the "Holy Graal," or of the fascinating sorcery of Morgan-le-Fay. But I must be satisfied with two extracts from the "Coming" and the "Passing of Arthur," which always appeal to me for their imaginative grandeur. In the "Coming of Arthur" the scene is laid at Tintagil, where Uther breathed his last in the presence of Merlin and his master wizard Bleys, "moaning and wailing for an heir." The two—

Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending thro' the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame :
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stooped and caught the babe and cried "The King !
Here is an heir for Uther !" And the fringe
Of that great breaker sweeping up the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.

Equally powerful is the description of Arthur's passing, but what a contrast to the brilliance of his advent. The last companion of the dying King was Sir Bedivere, who had carried him over ice-clad crags to the margin of the lake on which they stood.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold.

Then murmur'd Arthur, " Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

And the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere.

And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
" From the great deep to the great deep he goes,"

In conclusion, I may say that my opinion of the Arthurian legend is, that in the "*Historia Britonum*" of Nennius we have Arthur, as nearly as possible, in his true character—a character which would be quite in accordance with the time in which he is supposed to have lived, namely, that of a warrior general who fought and died in the Celtic cause. As manners and customs changed his character underwent many modifications, until at the end of the twelfth century he was no longer a rough warrior but a chivalrous knight, with attributes pleasing to the minds of the mediæval period. Then, as the power of Christianity increased, the Story of the Holy Graal was introduced by the Church, and in

our own time the legends have been further idealized by William Morris, Matthew Arnold, and, above all, by Tennyson.

What Arthur's character will be in time to come no one can say, but his name will for ever live in the romances of the English people as a symbol of all that is noble and good; and when our successors a hundred years hence take up their Tennyson and read the "*Idylls of the King*," then will they feel that King Arthur is not dead, but lives and reigns in Fairyland.





THAT AWTERS TH' CASE.

(Dat ännert de Sak.)

[*Translated from Fritz Reuter, by Henry Gannon.*]

“WELL, Jack, my son,” sed Farmer Prosser,
This leg o’ moine gets wos and wosser ;
Aw’m gerrin owd an’ waik, aw feel,
An’ mother, too, hoo’s owt but weel.
So, by an’ by, awst leave thi t’ lond,
An’ then at coortin’ try thy hond.”
“Ther’s toime enoo for that,” says th’ lad.
“Nay, Jack, this messin’ o’ alone,
Believe me, that brings nowt bu’ bad,
Besides tha’rt grown to be a mon.
Wi’ th’ farm, an’ beeasts, an’ corn i’ stack,
Tha’ll want a woife to help thi, lad ;
So try thi hond at coortin’, Jack ;
Tha’ll foind, i’ toime, it’s noan so bad.”
“Nay, feyther, nay, just lemme be ;
This coortin’ gam is nowt for me.”
An’ then his mother—“Jack,” sed hoo,
“Bowt coortin’ tha’ll remain a foo ;
Thi feyther’s reet—he allus wus—
Tha does’n know whot coortin’ does.
It’s just loike takkin’ th’ roofest cowl
From winter’s grazin’ into th’ fowl ;

At fust he's gradely nowt an' woild,
Bu' soon he's gentle as a choilt ;
Then breakin' in wi' spur an' bit,
An' groomin' turns him eaut a tit.
An' th' rooffier t' cowl is, doesta see,
The smarter th' horse is sure to be ;
An' just whot groomin' does for one,
So, coortin' eddycates a mon."

"It's no use, mam, aw conna frame
For coortin'. Nawe, aw cawn't, for shame.'
"Tha ninnyhommer!" cried his dad,
"Whotever doesta mean by that ?
This harpin' uppo' the same owd string,
Wi' 'cawn't for shame,' an' sich loike thing !
Who ever yer'd sich cattywat !
Aw never thowt aw'd live for t' see
A lad o' moine sa feeart as thee !
A greyt big leatherin' chap, bi th' mass !
That darsna kiss a pratty lass !
Why dang an' sink it o'!" he sed,
"Hadn't aw to coort, tha bowsteryed ?"
An' feyther gan him just a wink:—
"Ay, dad, bu' that's a different thing.
Yo' needno' mae so greyt a bother,
Yo'd nobbut got to coort my mother."



